

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी

L.B.S. National Academy of Administration

मसूरी

MUSSOORIE

पुस्तकालय

LIBRARY

—

111741

अवाप्ति संख्या

Accession No.

18318-

वर्ग संख्या

Class No.

808

पुस्तक संख्या

Book No.

4de

IDEALS AND REALITIES

IDEALS AND REALITIES

*A SELECTION OF ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES
FOR STUDENTS*

Edited by
DIWAN CHAND SHARMA, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
DAYANAND ANGLO-VEDIC COLLEGE, LAHORE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS

1933

PRINTED IN INDIA
AT THE WESLEY PRESS AND PUBLISHING HOUSE
MYSORE CITY

DEDICATED
TO
PRINCIPAL SAIN DAS
M.A. (CAL.), B.A. (CANTAB.)
WHO LOVES TO READ, AND TO THINK

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE Publishers' thanks for permission to include copyright extracts are due: to Mr. John Murray, for 'The Conduct of Life' from Lord Haldane's *The Conduct of Life and Other Addresses*; to Messrs. George Allen & Unwin Ltd., as the publishers of the only authorized edition of Ruskin's Works, for the two passages, 'Woman's True Place and Power' and 'A Noble Fellowship' from *Sesame and Lilies*; to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd., for 'A Gentleman' from Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University*, and for 'Patriotism' from Dean Inge's *Outspoken Essays*; to Mr. Wilfred M. Short, for Lord Balfour's 'Co-partnership' from his *Arthur James Balfour—As Philosopher and Thinker* (Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd.); to Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd., for 'Popularity' from A. Clutton-Brock's *Essays on Life*; to Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd. and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, for 'Reality' from Mr. Belloc's *First and Last*; to Messrs. Constable & Co. Ltd., for 'Recreation' from Lord Grey's *Falloden Papers*; to Messrs. W. Heinemann Ltd., for 'International Thought' from John Galsworthy's *Castles in Spain*; to Mr. H. G. Wells, for 'The Federation of Mankind' from his *The Outline of History* (Cassell & Co. Ltd.); to Messrs. Thornton Butterworth Ltd., for 'The Value of Philosophy' from Lord Russell's *Problems of Philosophy*; to Mr. John Middleton Murry, for 'A Critical Credo' from his *Countries of the Mind—First Series* (Oxford University Press); to the Rt. Hon'ble Augustine Birrell, K.C., for 'The Habit of Reading'; and to Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for 'Books which have Influenced Me' from R. L. Stevenson's *Essays in the Art of Writing*.

PREFACE

SOME years ago an eminent English politician and administrator said that the aim of university education was to give students standards—standards of conduct, standards of judgment, and standards of learning and research. In other words, a university should teach its students the necessity of right conduct, of sound judgment and of good scholarship. Now this can be done in several ways: by the creation of an atmosphere at universities which will be conducive to the cherishing of noble ideals in matters moral, intellectual and literary; by the inculcation of the right values of life on the part of teachers; and by the study of the right type of books. It is not easy for any man to suggest how traditions of noble idealism and vital scholarship can be established at a university; nor is it possible to lay down hard and fast rules for the choice of the right kind of university teachers; but surely it is possible to compile an anthology which will give students the right attitude towards life and its problems.

The very name of this anthology—*Ideals and Realities*—is indicative of its scope. On the one hand, the perusal of this book will acquaint its readers with the existing condition of things in general, and on the other it will show them for what they should strive in their individual and collective life. In other words, it is intended that the book should bridge the gulf between what is and what ought to be. The contemplation of realities is sometimes a very tiresome and depressing task, while

the cherishing of ideals is a very ennobling experience. But while the one may make of us rank pessimists, the other may turn us into utopian dreamers. As we know, we cannot afford to follow either of these two extremes. We can no more achieve happiness by becoming as dull and insensitive as a clod of earth than we can by imitating the gorgeous and shiftless bird of paradise. We must learn how to build foundations for our castles in the air.

It will therefore be found that this anthology differs considerably from those already in the market. In it will not be found brilliant essays of a discursive nature, such as 'On Running After One's Hat' or 'On Losing One's Train', but more solid and substantial fare, which will inform and enlighten the mind, strengthen the imagination, enhance the powers of discrimination and appreciation and teach us the art of constructive living, not only so far as our individual lives are concerned but also in the larger sphere of civic and public life. Far be it from me to suggest that the above-mentioned type of discursive essay has no value; it has much value as a source of rest and refreshment for one's mind. But surely the youth of today needs mental, moral and literary equipment of a different kind. He wants something which will be of guidance to him in the practical problems, that life will not be long in setting him to solve, something which will at once be an anchor for his soul and a stimulus to his mind and imagination. It is to supply this long-felt want, as the hackneyed phrase goes, that this book has been compiled.

But while compiling this book it has been constantly kept in mind that only those authors should be selected who do not merely impart information but are also acknowledged masters of English prose. In it, therefore,

will be found not only those men of letters to whom writing was the chief interest of their lives, but also those men of affairs who turned to writing for the expression of their practical philosophy of life or their thoughts on things in general. So there is a happy compromise in this book between English prose which becomes an art in the hands of masters like Newman, Stevenson and Ruskin, and that prose which serves merely as a vehicle of ideas in the hands of a politician like Lord Grey, a philosopher like Lord Balfour and a scientist like Sir William Ramsay.

Another distinctive feature of this book is that it enables its readers to cultivate a wide range of interests. Besides some extracts which give us standards of personal conduct, there are others which tell us how we should face not only the problems of our own country but also those of the world at large. In addition to the essays that teach us sound literary discernment there are those which give us a glimpse of the problems of economics, of philosophy, of science, of politics and of internationalism. It is true there are some writers who emphasize the value of books, but there are also others who say that mere book-learning is not enough, and that human beings should learn to use their senses to know reality at first hand.

It is hoped the book will find its way not only into the hands of students, but also into those of general readers, to whom reading is not merely an intellectual pastime but a stimulus to purposive thinking.

D. C. S.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 	vii
	PREFACE 	ix

STANDARDS OF LIFE

I	THE CONDUCT OF LIFE ... <i>Lord Haldane</i>	3
II	WOMAN'S TRUE PLACE AND POWER <i>John Ruskin</i>	18
III	A GENTLEMAN <i>J. H. Newman</i>	24
IV	POPULARITY <i>A. Clutton-Brock</i>	27
V	ON HEROISM <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	36
VI	RECREATION <i>Lord Grey of Falloden</i>	49
VII	COMMON SENSE <i>William Hazlitt</i>	61
VIII	INTERNATIONAL THOUGHT ... <i>John Galsworthy</i>	68
IX	PATRIOTISM <i>W. R. Inge</i>	77

STANDARDS OF JUDGMENT

I	THE FEDERATION OF MANKIND ... <i>H. G. Wells</i>	95
II	LITERATURE <i>Thomas De Quincey</i>	104
III	CO-PARTNERSHIP <i>Lord Balfour</i>	110
IV	THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY ... <i>Lord Russell</i>	117
V	A CRITICAL CREDO <i>J. Middleton Murry</i>	125

STANDARDS OF LEARNING

I	THE HABIT OF READING ... <i>Augustine Birrell</i>	135
II	A NOBLE FELLOWSHIP ... <i>John Ruskin</i>	142
III	BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	147
IV	EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES <i>John Brown</i>	155
V	THE SCIENTIFIC IDEAL ... <i>Sir William Ramsay</i>	166
VI	REALITY <i>Hilaire Belloc</i>	182

STANDARDS OF LIFE

I

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

BY LORD HALDANE

I HAVE chosen a theme on which I should not have ventured had I not in days gone by been one of yourselves, and intimately acquainted with the ups and downs which beset those who were then struggling along the path to a degree.

My recollection of my undergraduate life forty years since, and of the obscurities and perplexities of that time, is still vivid; and with your permission I wish to speak today of how some of the old difficulties appear to one looking back on them with the light which experience of life has brought.

Before I enter on my topic, I may just refer to a difference that in such a meeting as this distinguishes the present from the past. I touch the topic not without trepidation, but I will take my life in my hands. I am today addressing women just as much as men. For a change has come over the University since my time, a change of which I have the temerity to say at once that I am glad. Women have an access to academic life which in my student days was practically denied to them. And this is a sign of the times. It is a part of a movement which is causing the world slowly to alter its point of view, and which is, I think, making for the principle of general equality, in the eye of the law and the constitution, of women with men. The differences of temperament and ability which nature has established even an omnipotent Parliament can never alter. But Society, whatever

Parliament may say, appears to be making progress towards a decision to leave it to nature and not law to set the limits. It is therefore obvious that in what I have to say before a University which is full of the spirit of the age, I must speak to all of you without much regard to your sex. And if I divine aright the mood of those of the gentler sex here present, they will not take it amiss if I address all who are present as though they were men.

Well, hastening away from this merely introductory point, let me relieve your minds by saying that it is my purpose neither to indulge in introspection, nor to betake myself to the region of reminiscence. It is not the past that interests me. I wish rather to speak of aspects of life which at one period in it are very much the same for most of us. These aspects of life present themselves irresistibly when we enter the University. It is then that we students become anxious about many things. These things include, for some at all events, the outlook on existence and doubt about its meaning. Then there is concern as to the choice of a career, and as to success in it or failure. There is the sense of new responsibilities which press themselves on us as we enter upon manhood, and the feeling that everything is difficult and illusive. We may be troubled about our souls, or again, we may be keenly concerned as to how we can most quickly become self-supporting and cease to be a burden on others ill able to bear it. All these topics, and others besides of a less high order, crowd on the undergraduate as he finds that he has parted with his irresponsible boyhood, and has to think for himself. He feels that he can no longer look to others for guidance. He knows that he must shape his own destiny and work out his own salvation. The situation has its special temptations. He is in danger of some evils against which the Prophets have warned us all, and especially of a morbid concentration on his own private concerns, a concentration that is apt to

result in a self-consciousness which may amount to egotism and impair his strength: the man, Wordsworth tells us,

‘whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature’s works,—one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever.’

Now from this danger every one of us, young or old, has got to guard himself. In life we are subject to all sorts of reverses, great and small. There is only one way of providing against the depression which they bring in their train, and that is by acquiring the large outlook which shows that they are not the most important things in life. The undergraduate may find himself ploughed in an examination, or in debt, or for that matter, and do not let us overlook its possibility, hopeless in a love affair. Or he may suffer from the depression which is deepest when it arises from no external cause. If he would escape from the consequent sense of despair he must visualize his feelings and set them in relief by seeking and searching out their grounds. It is probably his best chance of deliverance. For these feelings often turn out on resolute scrutiny to arise from the obsession of his own personality. This obsession may assume varied forms. It may become really morbid. There is a remarkable book by a modern man of genius, one whom Nietzsche and Ibsen both held in high esteem—the *Inferno* of August Strindberg—where you may read with advantage if you would be warned against a self-concentration that verges on the insane. There is another and better-known book, which in my time at the University was much read, and which is, I think, still much read, Carlyle’s *Sartor Resartus*. There you have an analysis of the very process of deliverance of which I am speaking. The hero works out his own relief from the burden of his own depression. It is not exclusively

a Christian book; indeed I doubt whether in his heart Carlyle called himself a Christian. But it exhibits certain features of the way by which, in substance and in reality, men are required by all the greatest religions to seek their salvation. These features Carlyle describes in his pictorial fashion. Teufelsdröckh, weighed down by depression, but never wholly losing courage, is one hot day toiling along the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, when the light flashes on him, and he puts to himself this: 'What art thou afraid of? . . . Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatever it be; and as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee?' Then through his soul, Carlyle tells us, rushed a stream of fire, and he shook fear away from him for ever. The Everlasting No had said, 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's);' to which his whole Me made answer: 'I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!' Later on, the diagnosis of his malady becomes clear to him. The source of the disease of his spirit has been vanity and the claim for happiness. This he has now been taught to do without. For he has learned that the fraction of life can be increased in value, not so much by increasing the numerator as by lessening the denominator. He finds, indeed, that unity itself divided by zero will result in infinity: Let him make his claim of wages a zero, and he has the world under his feet. For it is only with renunciation that the world can be said to begin. He must, as Carlyle puts it, close his Byron and open his Goethe. He must seek blessedness rather than happiness—love not pleasure, but God. 'This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein who walks and works it is well with him.'

That was what Carlyle used to teach us students forty years ago, and I doubt not that he teaches the same spiritual lesson to many of you today. It is not, as I have already

said, in form the language of Christianity. None the less, it substantially agrees with much in the doctrine of the Gospels. It gives us, in Carlyle's particular style, the highest spiritual expression at the highest level that man has reached. The form matters little. Everyone must express to himself these things in the fashion that best suits his individuality. It is a question of temperament and association. Yet we all assent in our hearts, whatever be the form of our creed, to such doctrine, whether it be given in the words of the Founder of Christianity or of modern thinkers. Professor Bosanquet worked it out in a new shape in the Gifford Lectures which he delivered in this University last year. There he sought to exhibit the world as a 'vale of soul-making', to use the phrase which he borrowed from Keats, in which the soul reached most nearly to perfection by accepting without hesitation, the station and the duties which the contingencies of existence had assigned to it, and by striving to do its best with them. Looked at in the light that comes from the Eternal within our breasts, the real question was not whether health or wealth or success were ours. For the differences in degree of these were but droplets in the ocean of Eternity. What did matter, and what was of infinite consequence, was that we should be ready to accept with willingness the burden and the obligation which life had cast on us individually, and be able to see that in accepting it, hard as it might be to do so, we were choosing a blessedness which meant far more for us than what is commonly called happiness could. We should rather be proud that the burden fell to us who had learned how to bear it. It thus, I may add by way of illustration of Mr. Bosanquet's words, was no sense of defeat, no meaningless cry of emotion, which prompted Emily Brontë when she defined her creed:

And if I pray the only prayer
That moves my lips for me,
Leave me the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty:
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore,
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

There is a passage in the fifth of the second series of these Gifford Lectures which expresses the other aspect of this great truth:

‘If we are arranging any system or enterprise of a really intimate character for persons closely united in mind and thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the whole—persons not at arm’s length to one another—all the presuppositions of individualistic justice at once fall to the ground. We do not give the “best” man the most comfort, the easiest task, or even, so far as the conduct of the enterprise is concerned, the highest reward. We give him the greatest responsibility, the severest toil and hazard, the most continuous and exacting toil and self-sacrifice. It is true and inevitable, for the reasons we have pointed out as affecting all finite life, that in a certain way and degree honour and material reward do follow on merit in this world. They follow, we may say, mostly wrong; but the world, in its rough working, by its own rough-and-ready standards, thinks it necessary to attempt to appraise the finite individual unit; this is, in fact, the individualistic justice, which, when we find it shattered and despised by the Universe, calls out the pessimism we are discussing. But the more intimate and spiritual is the enterprise, the more does the true honour and reward restrict itself to what lives

In those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove.’

I am probably addressing at this moment some of you who have come to our University of Edinburgh from the great but far distant country of India. There your wisest and greatest thinkers have expressed a similar truth in a similar way. Some of your best teachers of Eastern philosophy have lately been among us and have spoken to us in Great Britain. The response of their hearers has been a real one. For the greatest sayings about the meaning of life come to the same thing, however and wherever they have been uttered. Perhaps nowhere more than in the East has the language of poetry and philosophy been wonderfully combined. This blending of Art with Thought has enabled master minds to shake themselves free of the narrowing influence of conventional categories, and has thereby made philosophy easier of approach. The thinkers of the East have been keenly aware of the chilling influence of the shadow of self. I will cite to you some words from the *Gitanjali* of a prominent and highly-gifted leader of opinion, Rabindranath Tagore, who has been recently preaching and teaching in this country:

‘I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? I move aside to avoid his presence, but I escape him not. He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter. He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to the door in his company. . . .

“Prisoner, tell me, who was it that bound you?” “It was my master,” said the prisoner. “I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay on the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house.” “Prisoner, tell me who it was that wrought this unbreakable chain.” “It was I,” said the prisoner, “who

forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done, and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

What is the lesson of it all? It is that you must aim at the largest and widest view of life, and devote your highest energies to attaining it. This view of life, with its sustaining power, will come to you if you strive hard enough, in one form or another, according to temperament, intellectual and moral. To some it will come in the form of Christianity, to others in that of some other high religion, it may be, one originating in the East. To yet others it will come in more abstract form, in the shape of philosophy. To yet others Art will bring the embodiment of the truth that the ideal and the real, the infinite and the finite, do not really exist apart, but are different aspects of a single reality. Such a faith, if it comes, will, as the experience of countless thousands in different ages has shown, help you in sickness or in health, in poverty or in wealth, in depression or in exaltation. Only this faith must be a real faith. No mere opinion, still less mere lip service, can supply its place. It necessitates renunciation of the lower for the higher, and the renunciation must be a real renunciation—extending, if need be, to life itself. 'Life itself is not the highest good:' '*Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht*,' says Schiller in the end of a great poem. The line became at one time deeply familiar to the students at Heidelberg, because of an incident which was dramatic in its suddenness. One of their great teachers, Daub, the theologian, at the end of a lecture sank dead in his professor's chair with these words of Schiller on his lips.

In my time we were troubled about our orthodoxy more,

I think, than you are today. It was in the Victorian period, a period in which we seemed to be bidden to choose between the scientific view of life and the religious view. We were told by high authorities that both could not be true, and that we must make our election. But the outlook has widened since those days, and you have a greater freedom of choice. Men of science have seen their conceptions subjected to searching examination and criticism. Whether they hold with M. Bergson, or whether they hold with the Idealists, or whether they pledge themselves to no philosophy, but simply aim at believing in all the phases of the world as it presents itself, the best equipped investigators no longer jump to the assumption that the Universe is a substance existing wholly independently of mind, and organized in relations that are limited to those of mechanism. We look nowadays to mind for the interpretation of matter, rather than to matter as the *prius* and source of mind. We seek for God, not without, but within. And this attitude is reflected in that of the Church. For the Church no longer sets up in pulpits the sort of spiritualism which was little else than a counter-materialism to that of the men of science. The preachers are less exclusively concerned with the old and crude dogmas, and are more occupied with the effort to raise the thought and feeling of their hearers to a level higher than that of the ordinary abstractions of science and of everyday life itself. And so it has come about that you today are delivered from some at least of the perplexities which beset us, your predecessors, as we walked on the Braid Hills and endeavoured to find spiritual ground on which we could firmly plant our feet. The hindrances to spiritual life are today of a different order. They are moral rather than intellectual. They arise more from a lessened readiness to accept authority of any kind than was the case two generations ago. But at least your task is freed from a set of obstacles which in those days

were serious. You may find it hard to take the same interest in the letter of the creeds as we did. But the spirit remains the same, under whatever form religion attracts you, and the spirit is today more easy of approach and provokes less readily to rebellion.

What I would urge upon you is that you should avoid the practice, one that is not uncommon among young men, but is really unnatural, of affecting indifference or cynicism about these things. They are of the last importance, and it is of practical importance to have the habit of so regarding them. For without them but few will be steeled against the misfortunes of which life is full for nearly all of us, and the depressing uncertainties which render its conduct difficult. To those who are worth most there comes home early in life the conviction that, in the absence of a firm hold on what is abiding, life becomes a poorer and poorer affair the longer it lasts. And the only foundation of what is abiding is the sense of the reality of what is spiritual—the constant presence of the God who is not far away in the skies, but is here within our minds and hearts.

That is what I wished to say to you about what seems to me the deepest-lying and most real fact of life. I now turn to quite another phase of the question of its conduct. How is the student, with or without the supreme source of strength of which I have spoken, to prepare himself so that he will have the best chances of success? To me this question does not seem a difficult one to answer. I have seen something of men and of affairs. I have observed the alternations of success and failure in various professions and occupations. I have myself experienced many ups and downs, and in the course of my own life have made abundant mistakes. It always interests me to look back and observe in the light of later and fuller knowledge how I came to fail on particular occasions. And the result of the scrutiny has been to render

it clear that the mistakes and failures would nearly always have been avoided had I at the time been possessed of more real knowledge and of firmer decision and persistence. We all, or nearly all, get a fair number of chances in life. But we often do not know enough to be able to take them, and we still more often pass them by, unconscious that they exist. Get knowledge and get courage. And when you have come to a deliberate decision, then go ahead, and go ahead with grim and unshakable resolution to persist. It is not everyone who can do this. But everyone can improve his quality in this respect. It is partly matter of temperament, but it is also largely matter of acquired habit of mind and body. You can train yourself to increased intellectual and moral energy as you can train yourself for physical efficiency in the playing-field. Both kinds of training turn largely on self-discipline, abstention, and concentration of purpose, following on a clear realization of exactly what it is that you have set yourself to accomplish. But there is an insidious temptation to be avoided. Few things disgust his fellow-men more, or render them more unwilling to help him, than self-seeking or egotism on the part of a man who is striving to get on. A thoroughly selfish fellow may score small successes, but he will in the end find himself heavily handicapped in the effort to attain really great success. Selfishness is a vice, and a thoroughly ugly one. When he takes thought exclusively of himself, a man does not violate only the canons of religion and morality. He is untrue to the obligations of his station in society, he is neglecting his own interests, and he will inevitably and quickly be found out. I have often watched the disastrous consequences of this sin, both in private and in public life. It is an insidious sin. It leads to the production of the hard small-minded man, and, in its milder form, of the prig. Both are ill-equipped for the final race; they may get ahead at first; but as a rule they will be

*conceited, egotistic person - In slang it means
thief.*

found to have fallen out when the last lap is reached. It is the man who possesses the virtue of true humility, and who thinks of his neighbours, and is neither critical nor a grumbler if they have good fortune, who has his neighbours on his side, and therefore in the end gets the best chance, even in this world, assuming always that he puts his soul into his own work. Therefore avoid the example of poor Martha. Her sister Mary loved to sit at the feet of Jesus and to hear His word. The burden of the household work, doubtless, for the time fell rather heavily on Martha. Instead of being cheerful and glad at what had come to her sister she got into a complaining mood. She was cumbered about with much serving, and she grumbled: 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?' But the Master answered, 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful, and Mary has chosen that good part.' There are a good many Marthas in our Universities, and they belong to both sexes. How common it is to hear grudging praise given, and the student complaining of the better luck which has given undue advantage to his neighbour. Now, there may be undue advantage in circumstances, and there often is. But according to my experience it makes far less difference in the long run than is popularly supposed. What does make the difference is tenacity of purpose. A man succeeds in four cases out of five, because of what is in him, by unflagging adhesion to his plan of life, and not by reason of outside help or luck. It is rarely that he need be afraid of shouldering an extra burden to help either himself or a neighbour. The strain it imposes on him is compensated by the strength that effort and self-discipline bring. And therefore the complaints of our Marthas are mainly beside the point. They arise from the old failing of self-centredness—the failing which has many forms, ranging from a mild selfishness up to ego-

mania. And in whatever form the failing may clothe itself, it produces weakness.

There is another aspect germane to it about which, speaking to you as one who has seen a good deal of affairs and of the world, I wish to say something. Independence of character is a fine thing, but we are apt to mistake for it what is really want of consideration for others. If we do not impose on ourselves a good deal of self-restraint we may readily jar on other people. We may be unconscious of the jarring manner. That is very common. But it ought to be avoided. It is worth the while of everyone, and from every point of view, that of his own worldly interest included, to practise himself in the social virtue of courtesy and urbane manners. But it is more than a social virtue. In its best form it arises from goodness of heart. Some of the finest manners I have met with I have met with in cottages, because there I have found some of the most considerate of people. Courtesy is an endowment which men can acquire for themselves, and it is an endowment which is well worth acquiring. I have, to put its utility at its lowest, seen many instances of gifted men ruining their chances of getting on in life simply from want of manners. It is well worth while to try to act naturally and without self-consciousness, and above all, kindly. That is how dignity is best preserved. Some men have a natural gift for it. All ought to try to acquire it. Emerson has written an admirable essay on manners which I advise you all to read. 'Defect in manners,' he says, 'is usually defect in fine perceptions.' He, like Goethe, laid great stress on urbanity and dignity. These two great critics of life were both keenly aware of what injustice people do to themselves and to their prospects in life by not attending to the graces, which in their best form come from goodness of heart and the fine perceptions which accompany that goodness. It makes a great difference

to ourselves if we are careful in considering the feelings and repugnances of other people in small things as well as in great. Let us try to be too large-minded to resent an apparent want of consideration for ourselves which really comes, in most cases, from defective manners in those with whom we may have to deal. Let us accept what comes to us undisturbed. Given the same qualities, a man will be stronger as well as better, and will have more power of influencing circumstances as well as other people, if he is resolute in accepting without complaint what comes to him, and remembers the duties of his station in life, and thinks of others as much as of himself. It was something of this sort, I think, that Cromwell really had in his mind when he said to Bellievre, the French Ambassador, that 'no man rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going.' No doubt Cromwell thought also of the great gift of the objective mind, the mind that has no illusion, because it always turns to a great purpose, and is not deflected by its consciousness of self. But what he said applies to a less unusual type of mind just as much. It is the man who accepts his obligation to those around him, and who does his work in this station in life, great or small, whatever that station may be, with indifference as to the consequence to himself and without thought of what may happen to him individually, who makes the real impression on his fellow-competitors. First, think it all out to the best of your ability, and then go straight forward on the principles and with the objects on which you have fixed, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Your principles and your objects must be high—the higher the better. And when you have grasped them resolve to hold to them tenaciously and over a long period. It matters less whether you have hit initially on the plan that is theoretically perfect than whether you throw yourself into it unswervingly and stick to it with all your might. Unswerving purpose and

concentration are of the last importance. Stick to plans once formed, and do not let yourself think of changing them unless for the clearest reasons. It is firmness and persistence that bring success in the end probably more than anything else. You may be beaten at first; you may have to wait. But the courage that is undaunted and can endure generally at last prevails.

II

WOMAN'S TRUE PLACE AND POWER

BY JOHN RUSKIN

WE are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the 'superiority' of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest; wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial: —to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself

has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the *dark* stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be—will you not admit it to be?—the woman's true place and power. But do not you see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness

of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—not ‘variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;’ but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, a lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle, or restrain.
The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.
And *vital feelings of delight*
Shall rear her form to stately height,—
 Her virgin bosom swell.
Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell.

'*Vital feelings of delight*', observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings to delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory

of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge, —not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge.

It is of no moment, as a matter of pride of perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue.

It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore.

It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn

a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement; it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution.

But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them, and is 'for all who are desolate and oppressed'.

III

A GENTLEMAN

BY J. H. NEWMAN

IT is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both noble and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he associates;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip,

is unwilling to impute motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil, which he dare not say out.

From a far-seeing prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too tolerant to bear malice.

He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to

reject its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and tenderness of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

IV

POPULARITY

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

THERE are two kinds of popularity which I will call intimate and long-distance popularity, and the first is far more real than the second. A man who is intimately popular is liked by those who know him; a man who is popular at long distance has, by some means, succeeded in propagating a favourable notion of himself among those who do not know him. The two kinds of popularity may go together, but often they are separate, and the man who enjoys long-distance popularity is disliked at close quarters.

Intimate popularity is always a proof of some virtue. If a man is liked by those who meet him, he may have many defects and even vices, but still he is liked for a cause, even though it be unknown to those who like him. His society gives pleasure; and it does so because he himself takes pleasure in the society of others, which means that he is disposed to like rather than to dislike them. It is to him a pleasure to meet those he has never met before; he expects to find them good company, and therefore is good company himself. He is ready to take risks in social intercourse, and will not wait to discover whether you are a bore before he opens out to you. He is, in fact, sanguine about human nature, and we like those who are sanguine, especially about ourselves, more than those who despond; they fill us with their own vitality and make us sharers in their own enjoyment.

•

You may say that this easy, instinctive liking is a slight virtue; but it *is* a virtue, for it makes you happy. It is better to like people for no particular reason than to dislike them without reason, better to make them happy than to make them miserable. The man who is intimately popular may be vain, but he is not an egotist—he is more interested in others than in himself; he enjoys, no doubt, the exercise of his social arts, but that is worth enjoying; he is a hedonist, but one who also gives pleasure to others. Very likely he would not go much out of his way to do you a good turn, but he would rather do you a good than a bad one, and his friendship, if not deep, is large; indeed he might plead for himself that he has too many friends to be deeply involved with any of them. We are apt to be unjust to him if we find that he seems to promise more than he performs; but there is some egotism in our injustice. We have no right to expect that he will think of us when we are absent just because he is so sympathetic when we are present. By his sympathy he does give us something and for that we should be grateful. Clearly he cannot feel deeply for all those whose society he enjoys, and why should he feel deeply for us more than the rest? It is not fair to call him a humbug because he forgets us, as soon as our back is turned, for someone else. His enjoyment of our society is quite genuine; he does not make up to us with any ulterior design, for, if he did, we should not enjoy his society; we do enjoy it, and for that we ought to be grateful.

But the way to be intimately popular is, above all, not to judge. The saying, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' is commonly taken for a divine command, but it is also a statement of fact. Nothing makes us dislike a man so much as the knowledge that he is always judging us and all men, that his instinctive reaction is judgment. A man who has the habit of judging others may be respected, as we say, but he is also disliked; and while the respect is forced the

dislike is hearty. If we can, we retaliate upon him by judging him with all the severity at our command. We seek eagerly for his weakness, and when we have found it insist upon it, as if it were a valuable scientific discovery, for it is indeed a discovery that liberates us from our unwilling admiration of him. When it comes to judging we feel two can play at that game. So it happens that a man who has the habit of judging, and who has overawed the world by his habit, as if he sat always in wig and robes in the seat of judgment, is suddenly and by universal consent dethroned. This has happened in literature to Carlyle. He was always judging everyone, and he overawed the world while alive. But now he is judged more severely than he deserves both as a writer and as a man, while Lamb of whom he spoke with bitter contempt is praised, more perhaps than he deserves, because he never seems to judge anyone, but rather enjoys the society of mankind. We are pleased to find that whereas Carlyle judged men by an heroic standard, Lamb in his way was a hero. Perhaps it was because Aristides had the habit of judging, that the unknown Athenian grew weary of hearing him called the just. What we desire from each other is not justice—for who knows what that is?—but liking; and we give liking rather than justice to those who enjoy our society too well to judge us. We may criticize them, but our criticism is only skin deep; we do not wish to discover anything against them because we know they do not wish to discover anything against us. In their society we get a holiday from judgment altogether, and that is one reason why we enjoy it. They may not be Christians, but at least they do not feel or think or act on any perverse and anti-Christian principle. They may not have attained to Charity in the high Pauline sense, but at least they have attained to good-nature by instinct.

Many humble people are popular for these reasons; but

if a man can keep this good-nature, this freedom from judgment, this enjoyment of other people's society, when he has achieved eminence, then he is popular indeed. For, while most of us are instinctively and meanly on our guard against the advances of the humble, we are all flattered by the advances of the eminent; if they seem to have taken a fancy to us, we take a fancy to them. They win popularity easily, and that is a dangerous temptation to them. For a man may have a natural spontaneous virtue, and then become aware of it and exploit it. The successful are often afraid of envy, and have an uneasy sense that the world may suddenly combine to pull them down. There is to them something incalculable in the common opinion that gives them their reputation, and they fear that it may suddenly veer like the wind. So they try to ensure themselves against such a change by being agreeable to everyone; they will make friends wherever they go, so that they may not be overcome by unknown enemies. And they do naturally enjoy the exercise of their social power, which is, of course, enormously increased by their eminence. But the mischief of this is not so much that they get a habit of insincerity as that they waste their energy in making themselves agreeable and lose the power of saying no. A man in any walk of life, whether he be lawyer or artist or statesman or man of science, when he has achieved excellence can keep it only by hard work. If he spends half his time in making himself agreeable, he will be more concerned with his reputation than with his work, and his work will deteriorate; and so finally will his reputation. Further, if he gets the habit of exploiting his pleasant manners, they will become mechanical and cease even to be agreeable, and he will lose even the popularity for which he has made so many sacrifices. For to succeed one must be an artist even in social intercourse, one must really enjoy it; and the polite formulæ of the eminent are too obvious to give enjoyment.

Still, intimate popularity is worth having, if only for its own sake; but long-distance popularity is not worth having for its own sake; it is always a means to an end, like propaganda; it is, in fact, a kind of personal propaganda and no less dangerous than other kinds.

One may see the difference between the two kinds of popularity more clearly in the case of a writer. There are great writers who gain and who keep an intimate popularity, who are read and enjoyed, it may seem beyond their merits, because in their works they express a natural liking for mankind, because they themselves enjoy rather than judge. Among these are Dickens and the elder Dumas and Shakespeare himself. All of these would rather enjoy mankind than judge them. Even their dislikes are hearty and spontaneous; and the characters they dislike are those who themselves dislike others. There may be reactions against such writers; but through the fiercest reaction they are still read and enjoyed, for they make their readers happy. The elder Dumas, for instance, is at present little thought of in France, but he is still, I believe, read far more than Flaubert, who is always expressing judgments and dislikes, and is as full of unconscious malice as Dumas of unconscious enjoyment.

These writers win an intimate popularity because of a real virtue, and their sins which are often many are forgiven them, because they have loved much. The sins of Dickens are enormous, yet, as I read him, I find myself averting my eyes from them as Shem and Japheth would not look at Noah drunk; and that is because I get so much delight from reading him, to read him makes me happy. I feel that he would like even me, whereas a writer like Flaubert seems to address himself to me, and all other readers, without contempt only because he has never met us; behind all his books there is an inexorable and malicious judgment passed

by one who after all had no more right to be always judging than anyone else. But my liking of Dickens and such writers, even if too partial, does come of a real and close acquaintance. There are other writers who obtain a long-distance popularity, not because of any real merit, but because by some means or other they contrive to spread an idea of themselves and their genius which is not true at all; and this is the secret of long-distance popularity, whether enjoyed by a politician, a writer, a priest, or any kind of public character. Always they have, sometimes consciously, usually unconsciously, spread a notion of themselves among a public too ignorant and busy to exercise any right judgment yet eager to find a hero. For mankind desires a hero to worship; it makes life more exciting to believe that somewhere there is a wonderful man actually living, one who knows all the secrets of the human heart, or can save society, or can voice all the inarticulate yearnings and ideals of the people, and if for a penny or so you can every week buy a newspaper in which this hero tells the world what ought to be done, then you get immense comfort from that newspaper, even if it contradicts itself once a fortnight, and for the most part says nothing intelligible. Once the notion is spread that it is written by a man who knows, that notion persists if he can go on talking nonsense with the air of one who knows, and of one who is impelled to speak out by an urgent love of truth and justice. For it is a curious fact about this long-distance popularity that, after it is once established, it is not destroyed by closer contact. If a preacher or speaker gets a name for eloquence and inspiration, he too may talk nonsense for ever, provided he does it with an air of conviction. The crowds, who assemble to listen to him, bring with them their idea of him which even he cannot destroy. His very vagueness helps him, for they can read into it what they will, and all go away believing that he said what

they expected him to say. There are at the present time several of such heroes, all of whom won the war; though what they did to win it neither they nor anyone else can tell. It may be indeed, that if they had been allowed to wage the war in their own way, they would have ended it soon without defeat; but it is more probable that they had no way of their own ever present to their minds; their business was to shout directions through a megaphone, but directions happily so vague that no one could obey them even if he would. Not one of these was put to the test like their forerunner Cleon, whom the Athenians suddenly made a commander-in-chief, and who was luckily killed in battle before he could do much harm.

There is a kind of clown called a Marcelline who makes you laugh by pretending to share the work others are doing. When they are rolling up a carpet, he walks behind and imitates their movements in a bland and encouraging manner. Long-distance popularity is achieved in politics and journalism by the same means, except that in these cases the Marcelline is not laughed at but actually deceives others and himself. They, and he, think he is winning the war and what not, by his bland and encouraging, or fierce and obstructive notions; and when the thing is done, he turns round and bows and gets the applause, while those who have really done it are mopping their brows behind the scenes. But it would be an error to think that this kind of Marcelline is without talent. He needs great energy, but it is spent not in doing anything worth doing, but in spreading an heroic idea of himself. He is in fact like a tradesman who uses great business ability in puffing a worthless patent medicine. What you pay for is the advertisement, and a country which gives power to Marcellines will certainly pay for their advertisements and pay very heavily.

In fact one of the chief problems of any large community

like our own is to free itself from the spell of long-distance popularity, to find some means of discouraging the arts by which it is won. For it is certain that a man who achieves long-distance popularity will not have much time or energy for doing anything else. In that also he is like the tradesman who spends all his money on advertisements, and has none over to spend upon a good article. And the temptation to any unscrupulous man of talent and energy to aim at long-distance popularity is now enormous, if that popularity seems to him worth having. The newspapers are instruments ready to his hand; they seldom even try to have any judgment; if once a man can get himself talked about they will continue to talk about him; he becomes news as if he were the co-respondent in an everlasting divorce case. Millions of people hear of him who never hear of those who do the real work of the world, just because he is heard of, he has power. What he says is reported, what he writes is read. If he stands for Parliament, people vote for him; and all the while he is incapable of any excellence, because all his energy goes in self-propaganda. It is so even with many popular writers. They would never write so badly if it were not that most of their energy goes in advertisement; but since they are well advertised, the public finds in their books virtues that are not there; just as it finds in patent medicines healing properties that are not there. So we are misled every way, because we are a community too large to know our public men except by report, and because we have got the habit of judging even books, not by what we find in them, but by the common report of them.

The only remedy seems to be in a psychology that does not yet exist. We must learn the symptoms of self-propaganda, and the symptoms with which it affects us. The man who aims at long-distance popularity behaves in a certain way, of which some of us are already dimly aware; but at

present neither the public, nor he himself, know that he is a criminal of a very dangerous kind. What is needed is a science of the mind, much more precise than any which yet exists, to put us on our guard against him; for until we are on our guard we shall remain at the mercy of every kind of imposture, which is the more dangerous because it is usually half unconscious.

V

ON HEROISM

BY R. W. EMERSON

IN the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behaviour were as easily marked in the society of their age, as colour is in our American population. When any Rodrigo, Pedro, or Valerio enters, though he be a stranger, the duke or governor exclaims, This is a gentleman—and proffers civilities without end; but all the rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages, there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue—as in *Bonduca*, *Sophocles*, *The Mad Lover*, *The Double Marriage*—wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial, and on such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry. Among many texts, take the following: The Roman Martius has conquered Athens—all but the invincible spirits of Sophocles, the Duke of Athens, and Dorigen, his wife. The beauty of the latter inflames Martius, and he seeks to save her husband; but Sophocles will not ask his life, although assured that a word will save him, and the execution of both proceeds.

Valerius. Bid thy wife farewell.

Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen,
Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.

Dor. Stay, Sophocles,—with this tie up my sight;

Let not soft nature so transformèd be,
And lose her gentler sexed humanity,
To make me see my lord bleed. So, 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles:
Farewell; now teach the Romans how to die.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?

Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And, therefore, not what 'tis to live; to die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society
Of gods and goodness. Thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude what then 'twill do.

Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave life thus?

Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever loved best? Now I'll kneel,
But with my back toward thee; 'tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth:
This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

Val. What ails my brother?

Soph. Martius, O Martius,
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this? . . .

Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captived himself, hath captivated me,
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul.
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved;

Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.

I do not readily remember any poem, play, sermon, novel, or oration, that our press vents in the last few years, which goes to the same tune. We have a great many flutes and flageolets, but not often the sound of any fife. Yet, Wordsworth's 'Laodamia', and the ode of 'Dion', and some sonnets, have a certain noble music; and Scott will sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord Evandale, given by Balfour of Burley. Thomas Carlyle, with his natural taste for what is manly and daring in character, has suffered no heroic trait in his favourites to drop from his biographical and historical pictures. Earlier, Robert Burns has given us a song or two. In the *Harleian Miscellanies*, there is an account of the battle of Lutzen, which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's *History of the Saracens* recounts the prodigies of individual valour with admiration, all the more evident on the part of the narrator, that he seems to think that his place in Christian Oxford requires of him some proper protestations of abhorrence. But, if we explore the literature of Heroism, we shall quickly come to Plutarch, who is its Doctor and historian. To him we owe the Brasidas, the Dion, the Epaminondas, the Scipio of old, and I must think we are more deeply indebted to him than to all the ancient writers. Each of his 'Lives' is a refutation to the despondency and cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a Stoicism not of the schools, but of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book its immense fame.

We need books of this tart cathartic virtue, more than books of political science, or of private economy. Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front. The violations of the laws of nature by our predecessors and our contemporaries are punished in us also. The disease and

catharsis - Purgation; outlet w
emotion afforded by art drama.

deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual, and moral laws, and often violation on violation to breed such compound misery. A lockjaw that bends a man's head back to his heels; hydrophobia, that makes him bark at his wife and babes; insanity, that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily, no man exists who has not in his own person become, to some amount, a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation.

Our culture, therefore, must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season, that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace; but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and, with perfect urbanity, dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech, and the rectitude of his behaviour.

Towards all this external evil, the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence, in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero has a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly, and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it has pride; it is the extreme of individual

nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right; and although a different breeding, different religion, and greater intellectual activity would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man, that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than anyone else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past: then they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of

its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums and cat's cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all society? What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies grey, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. 'Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-coloured ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!'¹

Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display: the soul of a better quality thrusts back the unseasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Hankal, the Arabian geographer, describes an heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bukharia. 'When I was in Sogd, I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour, and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing

¹ Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry IV*—Part II, ii. 2. 11.

of the kind have I seen in any other country.' The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger—so it be done for love, and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love, and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendour of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belong to city feasts.

*and
not
by
it
me.* The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonour to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn, and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses; but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian Apostle, drank water, and said of wine, 'It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it; but, as I remember, water was made before it.' Better still is the temperance of King David, who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of their lives.

It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, 'O virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade.' I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm. The

essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.

But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good humour and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life, at so cheap a rate, that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. Socrates' condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honour in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, Julietta tells the stout captain and his company:

Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Master.

Very likely,

'Tis in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye.

These replies are sound and whole. Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take anything seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities, or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years. Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own game in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together; though, to the eyes of mankind at large, they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences.

The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a

romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose. All these great and transcendent properties are ours. If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are: and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it, only, that thyself is here;—and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were honest ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendour, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men, who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was

not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority, they seem to throw contempt on our entire polity and social state; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations is yet true; and a better valour and purer truth shall one day organize their belief. Or why should a woman liken herself to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho, or Sévigné, or De Staël, or the cloistered souls who have had genius and cultivation, do not satisfy the imagination and the serene Themis, none can—certainly not she? Why not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed. Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, search in turn all the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power and the charm of her new-born being, which is the kindling of a new dawn in the recesses of space. The fair girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her; O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not

weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person—‘Always do what you are afraid to do.’ A simple, manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.

There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our money. Greatness once and for ever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover, when another man recites his charities.

To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigour of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an ascetism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude,

of unpopularity, but it behoves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy¹ gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and establish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honour, if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to men may befall a man again; and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper and a sufficient number of his neighbours to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

an exciter or an agitator.

¹ Elijah Parish Lovejoy (1802-1837), abolitionist; murdered at Alton, Illinois, Nov. 7, 1837.

It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart to see how quick a bound nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us.

Let them rave :
Thou art quiet in thy grave.¹

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy those who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavour? Who that sees the meanness of our politics, but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and for ever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave, who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous, has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

¹ Tennyson, *A Dirge*, inexactly quoted

VI

RECREATION

BY LORD GREY OF FALLODEN

It is sometimes said that this is a pleasure-seeking age. Whether it be a pleasure-seeking age or not, I doubt whether it is a pleasure-finding age. We are supposed to have great advantages in many ways over our predecessors. There is, on the whole, less poverty and more wealth. There are supposed to be more opportunities for enjoyment: there are moving pictures, motor-cars, and many other things which are now considered means of enjoyment and which our ancestors did not possess, but I do not judge from what I read in the newspapers that there is more content. Indeed, we seem to be living in an age of discontent. It seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise, and is a subject of general complaint. If so it is worth while considering what it is that makes people happy, what they can do to make themselves happy, and it is from that point of view that I wish to speak on recreation.

Let it be admitted that recreation is only one of the things that make for happiness in life. I do not even recommend it as the most important. There are at least four other things which are more or less under our own control and which are essential to happiness. The first is some moral standard by which to guide our actions. The second is some satisfactory home life in the form of good relations with family or friends. The third is some form of work which justifies our existence to our own country and makes us good citizens.

The fourth thing is some degree of leisure and the use of it in some way that makes us happy. To succeed in making a good use of our leisure will not compensate for failure in any one of the other three things to which I have referred, but a reasonable amount of leisure and a good use of it is an important contribution to a happy life. How is this happy use of leisure to be insured? We sometimes meet people who do not seem to know what to do with their spare time. They are like the man of whom it was said, 'He doesn't know what he wants, and he won't be happy till he gets it.' The first thing, therefore, is to take ourselves out of that category, to know definitely what we want, and to make sure it is something that will make us happy when we get it; and that is the beginning of recreation. You are entitled to say to me, 'That is all very well as a general piece of advice, but tell us how you have followed and applied it yourself;' and it would not be fair for me to shrink from answering that question. In one respect I must plead failure. I have been a failure as regards golf, not because I did not succeed, but because I did not want to succeed. I have a great respect for golf. I am sure it is very good for many people; I know very many good people who play golf; but it so happens that it does not give me a good time, and so I leave the recommendation of it to people who can speak of it with more appreciation.

But I do recommend some game or games as a part of recreation. As long as I could see to play and had sufficient leisure, I enjoyed immensely the game of real or court tennis, a very ancient game, requiring activity as well as skill, a game in which Americans may take interest and some pride, because for the first time, at any rate, in the recent history of the game, an amateur is champion of the world and that amateur is an American. The English are sometimes criticized for paying too much attention to games.

A British officer whom I know well, who happened to be in Africa at the outbreak of the war and took part in the fighting there, tells me that in one of the German posts captured by the British there was found a map made by the Germans and showing Africa as it was to be when the war was over. The greater part of Africa had become German, and there was nothing left for the British excepting a small patch in the middle of the Sahara Desert which was marked 'Footballplatz for the English'. Football is a national game in America as well as in England, but I do not suppose that either you or we think that our soldiers fought any worse in the war for having been fond of football. I put games definitely as a desirable part of recreation, and I would say: have one or more games of which you are fond, but let them, at any rate in youth, be games which test the wind, the staying power, and the activity of the whole body, as well as skill.

Sport shall be mentioned next. I have had a liking for more than one form of sport, but an actual passion for salmon and trout fishing. Perhaps the following little confidence will give some idea how keen the passion has been. The best salmon and trout fishing in Great Britain ends in September. The best salmon fishing begins again in March. In my opinion the very best of all is to be had in March and April. In October I used to find myself looking forward to salmon fishing in the next March and beginning to spend my spare time thinking about it. I lay awake in bed fishing in imagination the pools which I was not going to see before March at the earliest, till I felt I was spending too much time, not in actual fishing, but in sheer looking forward to it. I made a rule, therefore, that I would not fish pools in imagination before the first of January, so that I might not spend more than two months of spare time in anticipation alone. Salmon fishing as I have enjoyed it, fishing not from

a boat, but from one's feet, either on the bank or wading deep in the stream, is a glorious and sustained exercise for the whole body, as well as being an exciting sport; but many of my friends do not care for it. To them I say, as one who was fond of George Meredith's novels once said to a man who complained that he could not read them, 'Why should you?' If you do not care for fishing, do not fish. Why should you? But if we are to be quits and you are to be on the same happy level as I have been, then find something for yourself which you like as much as I like fishing.

There are many other subjects for recreation. I cannot even mention them all, much less discuss any of them adequately. But I must mention for a high place in recreation the pleasure of gardening, if you are fond of it. Bacon says, 'God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.' It is one of those pleasures which follow the law of increasing and not of diminishing returns. The more you develop it and the more you know about it, the more absorbing is the interest of it. There is no season of the year at which the interest ceases and no time of life, so long as sight remains, at which we are too old to enjoy it.

I have now mentioned games, sport, and gardening. No one perhaps has time or opportunity to enjoy all three to the full. A few people may have sufficient range of temperament to care for all three, but many people—I would say most people—who have opportunity may find, at any rate in one of them, something that will contribute to their happiness. I will pass now to a subject which is more important still.

Books are the greatest and the most satisfactory of recreations. I mean the use of books for pleasure. Without books, without having acquired the power of reading for pleasure, none of us can be independent, but if we can read we have a sure defence against boredom in solitude. If we have not

that defence, we are dependent on the charity of family, friends, or even strangers, to save us from boredom; but if we can find delight in reading, even a long railway journey alone ceases to be tedious, and long winter evenings to ourselves are an inexhaustible opportunity for pleasure.

Poetry is the greatest literature, and pleasure in poetry is the greatest of literary pleasures. It is also the least easy to attain and there are some people who never do attain it. I met someone the other day who did not care for poetry at all; it gave her no pleasure, no satisfaction, and only caused her to reflect how much better the thought, so it seemed to her, could be expressed in prose. In the same way there are people who care nothing for music. I knew one Englishman of whom it was said that he knew only two tunes: one was the national anthem, 'God Save the King', and the other wasn't. We cannot help these people if they do not care for poetry or music, but I may offer you one or two suggestions founded on my own experience with regard to poetry. There is much poetry for which most of us do not care, but with a little trouble when we are young we may find one or two poets whose poetry, if we get to know it well, will mean very much to us and become part of ourselves. Poetry does not become intimate to us through the intellect alone; it comes to us through temperament, one might almost say enters us through the pores of the skin, and it is as if when we get older our skin becomes dry and our temperament hard and we can read only with the head. It is when we are young, before we reach the age of thirty-five, that we must find out the great poet or poets who have really written specially for us; and if we are happy enough to find one poet who seems to express things which we have consciously felt in our own personal experience, or to have revealed to us things within ourselves of which we were unconscious until we found them expressed in poetry, we have indeed got a great possession.

The love for such poetry which comes to us when we are young will not disappear as we get older; it will remain in us, becoming an intimate part of our own being, and will be an assured source of strength, consolation, and delight.

There is another branch of literature to which I must make a passing reference: it is that of philosophy. I am bound to refer to it here because I know two men, both of them distinguished in public life, who find real recreation and spend leisure time when they have it in reading and writing philosophy. They are both living and I have not their permission to mention their names, but as I admire them I mention their recreation, though with an admiration entirely untinged by envy. An Oxford professor is alleged to have said that everyone should know enough philosophy to find that he can do without it. I do not go quite so far as that. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford I read Plato because I was made to read it. After I left Oxford I read Plato again to see if I liked it. I did like it so much that I have never found the same pleasure in other philosophical writers. I hope you will not think that I am talking flipantly. I am talking very seriously—about recreation, and I feel bound to mention philosophy in connexion with it out of respect to my friends; but I do not lay much stress upon it as a means of recreation.

I come now to the main source of literary recreation in reading: the great books of all time on which one generation after another has set the seal of excellence so that we know them certainly to be worth reading. There is a wide and varied choice, and it is amongst the old books that the surest and most lasting recreation is to be found. Someone has said, 'Whenever a new book comes out read an old one.' We need not take that too literally, but we should give the old and proved books the preference. Someone, I think it was Isaac Disraeli, said that he who did not make himself acquainted

with the best thoughts of the greatest writers would one day be mortified to observe that his best thoughts are their indifferent ones, and it is from the great books that have stood the test of time that we shall get, not only the most lasting pleasure, but a standard by which to measure our own thoughts, the thoughts of others, and the excellence of the literature of our own day. Some years ago, when I was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in England, when holidays were often long in coming, short and precious when they did come, when work was hard and exhausting and disagreeable, I found it a good plan when I got home to my library in the country to have three books on hand for recreation. One of them used to be one of those great books of all time dealing with great events or great thoughts of past generations. I mention Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* as an instance of one such book, which had an atmosphere of greatness into which one passed right out of the worries of party politics and official work. Such books take one away to another world where one finds not only pleasure, but rest. 'I like large still books,' Tennyson is reported to have said. And great books not only give pleasure and rest, but better perspective of the events of our own time. I must warn you that Gibbon has been called dull. It is alleged that Sheridan, a man of brilliant wit, said so, and when a friend reminded him that in a famous speech he had paid Gibbon the compliment of speaking of the 'luminous page of Gibbon', Sheridan said he must have meant to say 'voluminous'. If you take the same view of Gibbon, find some other great author whom you do not find dull. There is a host of great writers to choose from. There are plenty of signposts to direct us to old books of interest and value. They have well-known names, and so they stand out and are known like great peaks in mountain ranges of the human intellect.

The second of my books would also be an old book, a

novel which had been approved by successive generations. The third would be some modern book, whether serious or light, and in modern books the choice is not so easy. There are many that are excellent, but there are many in which we may find neither pleasure nor profit. If our leisure is short we have not much time to experiment. The less spare time we have, the more precious it is, and we do not want to waste any of it in experimenting with modern books which we do not find profitable. It is worth while to cultivate a few friends whose intelligence we can respect and whose taste is sympathetic and who read, and to get from them from time to time the names of modern books which they have read and found good. I have had too little time for reading, but that my advice may not be entirely academic I will recommend you, at any rate, one good modern novel. Its name is *The Bent Twig*, the authoress is Dorothy Canfield, and I can tell you nothing except that she is an American, but the book seems to me one of the best pieces of work in novel-writing that has happened to come under my own observation recently. There are others, no doubt, in plenty, and if you get half a dozen friends who are fond of reading each to recommend you one book as I have done, you will have provision for a little time to come.

To conclude my suggestions about reading I would urge this. Like all the best things in life, the recreation of reading needs a little planning. When we have a holiday in prospect we make plans beforehand so that when the time comes we may know exactly where we want to go, what we want to do, how the holiday is to be spent, and have all our preparations ready. If we do not do that the holiday finds us unprepared and the greater part of it is wasted. So with our spare time, our casual leisure. Do not let it find us unprepared. It is a good plan to make a list of books which either from our own thought, our own experience, or the recommendation of

friends, we feel a desire to read. We should have one or two of these books always at hand, and have them in mind, too, as something which we are longing to read at the first opportunity. I think some people lose the habit and pleasure of reading because they do not take this trouble and make no plan, and when the spare evening or the long railway journey or the wet day comes it finds them without any book in anticipation, and they pick up a newspaper or a magazine, not because they specially want to read it, but because they have nothing present to their minds or at hand which they really care for. The habit of planning ahead is essential to real cultivation of the pleasure of reading, just as essential as planning is for sport or travel or games or any of the other pleasures of life. I know friends who are fond of sport. They choose a long time beforehand the river they will fish or the sort of shooting they will pursue. Another friend likes travel and plans months in advance where he will go and what he will see. Without this forethought and planning they would not get their pleasure, and so it is with reading. If we once acquire the habit of planning, we find out increasingly what it is that we like, and our difficulty at any spare moment is not to find some book that we are longing to read, but to choose which book of those to which we are looking forward in anticipation we shall take first.

And now my last discourse shall be on one sentence from Colonel Roosevelt which I saw quoted the other day. It is this: 'He is not fit to live who is not fit to die, and he is not fit to die who shrinks from the joy of life or from the duty of life.' Observe that the joy of life and the duty of life are put side by side. Many people preach the doctrine of the duty of life. It is comparatively seldom that you find one who puts the joy of life as something to be cultivated, to be encouraged on an equal footing with the duty of life. And of all the joys of life which may fairly come under the head of recreation

there is nothing more great, more refreshing, more beneficial in the widest sense of the word, than a real love of the beauty of the world. Some people cannot feel it. To such people I can only say, as Turner once said to a lady who complained that she could not see sunsets as he painted them, 'Don't you wish you could, madam?' But to those who have some feeling that the natural world has beauty in it I would say: Cultivate this feeling and encourage it in every way you can. Consider the seasons, the joy of the spring, the splendour of the summer, the sunset colours of the autumn, the delicate and graceful bareness of wild trees, the beauty of snow, the beauty of light upon water, what the old Greek called the unnumbered smiling of the sea.

In the feeling for that beauty, if we have it, we possess a pearl of great price. I say of great price, but it is something which costs us nothing because it is all a part of the joy which is in the world for everybody who cares for it. It is the 'joy in widest station commonalty spread'; it is a rich possession for us if we care for it, but in possessing it we deprive nobody else. The enjoyment of it, the possession of it, excites neither greed nor envy, and it is something which is always there for us and which may take us out of the small worries of life. When we are bored, when we are out of tune, when we have little worries, it clears our feelings and changes our mood if we can get in touch with the beauty of the natural world. There is a quaint but apposite quotation from an old writer which runs as follows: 'I sleep, I drink and eat, I read and meditate, I walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields and see all the varieties of natural beauty . . . and he who hath so many forms of joy must needs be very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loseth all these pleasures and chooseth to sit upon his little handful of thorns.'

There is a story of a man whom others called poor, and who had just enough fortune to support himself in going

about the country in the simplest way and studying and enjoying the life and beauty of it. He was once in the company of a great millionaire who was engaged in business, working at it daily and getting richer every year, and the poor man said to the millionaire, 'I am a richer man than you are.' 'How do you make that out?' said the millionaire. 'Why,' he replied, 'I have got as much money as I want and you haven't.'

But it is not only in the small worries of life that we may be saved by a right use of recreation. We all realize how in the Great War your nation and our nation and others engaged in the war were taken out of themselves, I was going to say lost themselves, but I ought rather to say found themselves. It was a fine thing on your part to send two million soldiers across the sea in so short a time to risk their lives for an ideal. It was even more impressive to us when we heard that in this country you had adopted conscription, and that your millions of people, distributed over so vast an extent of continent, were so moved by one public spirit and one patriotism and one desire to help the Allies in the war that they were rationing themselves voluntarily with food and fuel. That voluntary action by so many millions over so great an extent of country was a tremendous example, showing what an ideal and a public spirit and a call to action can do for people in making them forget private interests and convenience and making them great.

That was an example of what could be done by not shrinking from the duty of life; but you can get greatness, too, from some of the joys of life, and from none more than from a keen sense of the beauty of the world and a love for it. I found it so during the war. Our feelings were indeed roused by the heroism of our people, but they were also depressed by the suffering. In England every village was stricken, there was grief in almost every house. The thought of the suffering, the anxiety for the future, destroyed all

pleasure. It came even between one's self and the page of the book one tried to read. In those dark days I found some support in the steady progress unchanged of the beauty of the seasons. Every year, as spring came back unfailing and unfaltering, the leaves came out with the same tender green, the birds sang, the flowers came up and opened, and I felt that a great power of nature for beauty was not affected by the war. It was like a great sanctuary into which we could go and find refuge for a time from even the greatest trouble of the world, finding there not enervating ease, but something which gave optimism, confidence, and security. The progress of the seasons unchecked, the continuance of the beauty of nature, was a manifestation of something great and splendid which not all the crimes and follies and misfortunes of mankind can abolish or destroy. If, as the years go on, we can feel the beauty of the world as Wordsworth felt it, and get from it

Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow and ever during power,
And central peace existing at the heart
Of endless agitation,

then we have, indeed, a recreation which will give us, not merely pleasure, but strength, refreshment, and confidence. Something of the same feeling we may get from an appreciation of great music, beautiful pictures, splendid architecture, and other things that stir us with an impression of everlasting greatness. Enjoy these and cultivate the appreciation of them, but especially, if you can, cultivate the enjoyment of the beauty of nature, because it costs nothing and is everywhere for everybody; and if we can find recreation in such things as these, then, indeed, we may make the joy of life great as well as the duty of life, and we may find that the joy of life and the duty of life are not things adverse or even to be contrasted, but may be, as Colonel Roosevelt puts them, companions and complements of each other.

VII

COMMON SENSE

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

COMMON sense is a rare and enviable quality. It may be truly said that 'its price is above rubies.' How many learned men, how many wits, how many geniuses, how many dull and ignorant people, how many cunning knaves, how many well-meaning fools are without it! How few have it, how little do they or others know of it, except from the infallible results—for one of its first requisites is the utter absence of all pretension!

The vulgar laugh at the pedant and enthusiast for the want of it, while they themselves mistake bigotry and narrow-minded notions for it. It is not one of the sciences, but has been well pronounced to be 'fairly worth the seven'. It is a kind of mental instinct, that feels the air of truth and propriety as the fingers feel objects of touch. It does not consist with ignorance, for we cannot pronounce on what we do not know; and on the other hand, the laying in a stock of knowledge, or mastering any art or science, seems to destroy that native simplicity, and to warp and trammel the unbiased freedom of mind which is necessary to its receiving and giving their due weight to ordinary and casual impressions.

Common sense is neither a peculiar talent nor a laborious acquirement, but may be regarded as a sound and impartial judgment operating on the daily practice of life, or on what 'comes home to the business and bosoms of men'; combined with great attainments and speculative enquiries, it would

justly earn the title of *wisdom*; but of the latter we have never known a single instance, though we have met with a few of the former; that is, we have known a number of persons who were wise in the affairs of the world and in what concerned their own interest, but none who, beyond this, and in judging of general questions, were not the dupes of some flaw of temper, of some weakness or vanity, or even striking advantage of their own.

To give an example or two in illustration. A person may be an excellent scholar, a good mathematician, well versed in law and history, a first-rate chess-player, a dazzling fencer, in a word, a sort of *admirable Crichton*—you are disposed to admire or envy so many talents united—you smile to see him wanting in common sense, and getting into a dispute about a *douceur* to a paltry police-officer, and thinking to interest all Europe and both Houses of Parliament in his success. It is true, he has law and reason on his side, has Grotius and Puffendorf and the *statutes at large* doubled down in dog-ears for the occasion, has a vast and lively apparatus of well-arranged premises and conclusions ready to play off against his adversaries; but he does not consider that he has to deal with interest and custom, those impalpable, intangible essences that ‘fear no discipline of human wit’. Does he think to checkmate the police? Will he stop the mouth of a hungry tide-waiter with a syllogism? Or supersede a perquisite by the *reductio ad absurdum*? It is a want of common sense, or the not distinguishing properly between the definite and the indefinite.

No one can have arrived at years of discretion without knowing or feeling that he cannot take a single step without some compromise with existing circumstances; that the path of life is intercepted with innumerable turn-pike gates, at which he must pay down the toll of his own convictions and of strict justice; that he cannot walk the streets but by tacit

allowance; and that to disregard all impediments in the right line of reason and written forms is to imitate the conduct of *Commodore Trunnion*, who mistook the land for the sea, and went to be married by the wind and compass.

The proofs of this occur every hour of the day—they may not be registered, they may not be remembered, but they are virtually and effectively noted down by the faculty of common sense, which does not feel its way the less surely because it proceeds often mechanically and blindly.

There may be exceptions indeed to ordinary rules, on which a man may go to martyrdom and a stake (such as that of Hampden and ship-money), but these occur once in a century, and are only met with at the corners of streets by those who have an excess of logical discrimination, and have to pay a certain tax for being too clever by half.

It is the fashion at present among the philosophical vulgar to decry *feeling*, both the name and the thing. It would be difficult, however, to do without it: for this word embraces all that mass of knowledge and of common sense which lies between the extremes of positive proof or demonstration and downright ignorance; and those who would pragmatically confine their own convictions or those of others to what is absolutely known and understood, would at best become scientific pedants and artificial barbarians.

There are some persons who are the victims of argument; as there are others who are the slaves of minute details and matters of fact. One class will have a reason for everything, and will admit the greatest absurdities that are formally proposed to them; the other must have facts to support every conclusion, and can never see an inch beyond their noses. The last have the *organ of individuality* largely developed, and are proportionably deficient in common sense. Their ideas are all local and literal. To borrow the language of a great but obscure metaphysician, their minds are *epileptic*;

that is, are in perpetual throes and convulsions, fasten on every object in their way not to help but to hinder their progress, and have no voluntary power to let go their hold of a particular circumstance, to grasp the whole of any question, or suspend their judgment for an instant. The fact that is before them is everything; the rest goes for nothing. They are always at cross-purposes with themselves, for their decisions are the result of the last evidence, without any corrective or qualifier in common sense; in the hunt after proofs, they forget their principles, and gain their point, though they lose their cause.

The Scotch have much of this *matter-of-fact* understanding, and bigotry to personal and actual statistics. They would persuade you that there is no country but Scotland, nothing but what is Scotch. Mr. Mac Alpine shifts the discourse from the metropolis, hurries rapidly over the midland counties, crosses the border, and sits down to an *exordium* in praise of the 'kindly Scot'. Charity has its home and hearth by Tweed-side, where he was born and bred; Scotch beggars were quite different from English beggars: there was none of the hard-heartedness towards them that was always shown in England. His mother, though not a rich woman, always received them kindly, and had a bag of meal out of which she always gave them something, as they went their rounds. 'Lord! Mr. Mac Alpine!' says Mrs. Mac Alpine, 'other people have mothers as well as you, and there are beggars in England as well as Scotland. Why, in Yorkshire, where I was brought up, common beggars used to come round just as you describe, and my mother, who was no richer than yours, used to give them a crust of bread or broken victuals just in the same way; you make such a *fuss* about nothing.'

Women are best to set these follies to rights:

They have no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy thought draws in the brains of men.

If no great philosophers, they do not want common sense; and are only misled in what lies beyond their sphere of feeling and observation, by taking up the opinions of their *better halves*. The common people in like manner do not want common sense in what falls under their especial cognizance and daily practice.

A country-shoemaker or plough-man understands shoe-making, and can 'crack of ploughs and kine,' though he knows nothing of the Catholic question. If an old woman in a country-town believes she shall be burnt at stake, now that this question is settled, it is because she is told so by those who ought to know better, and who impose *their* prejudices upon *her* ignorance. Vulgar errors which are taken on trust, or are traditional, or are the blunders of ignorance on points of learning, have nothing to do with common sense, which decides only on facts and feelings which have come under its own notice. Common sense and *commonplace* are also the antipodes of each other: the one is a collection of true experiences, the other a routine of cant phrases.

All affectation is the death of common sense, which requires the utmost simplicity and sincerity. Liars must be without common sense, for instead of considering what things really are, their whole time and attention are taken up in imposing false appearances on themselves and their neighbours. No conceited person can have the faculty we have been speaking of, since all objects are tinged and changed from their proper hue by the idle reflection of their fancied excellence and superiority. Great talkers are in the same predicament, for they sacrifice truth to a fine speech or sentiment, and conceal the real consequences of things from their view by a cloud of words, of empty breath. They look at nature not to study what it is, but to discover what they can say about it. Passionate people are generally thought to be devoid of judg-

ment. They may be so, when their passions are touched to the quick; but without a certain degree of natural irritability, we do not conceive truth leaves sufficient stings in the mind, and we judge correctly of things according to the interest we take in them. No one can be a physiognomist, for example, or have an insight into character and expression, without the correspondent germs of these in his own breast. Phlegmatic C——, with all his husbandry acquirements, is but half a philosopher, half a clown.

Poets, if they have not common sense, can do very well without it. What need have they to conform their ideas to the actual world, when they can create a world according to their fancy?

We know of no remedy for want of tact and insight into human affairs, any more than for the defect of any other organ. *Tom Jones* is, we think, the best horn-book for students in this way; and if the novice should rise up no wiser from its repeated perusal, at least such an employment of his time will be better than playing the fool or talking nonsense. After all, the most absurd characters are those who are so, not from a want of common sense, but who act in defiance of their better knowledge. The capricious and fickle who change every moment, the perverse who aim only at what is placed out of their reach, the obstinate who pursue a losing cause, the idle and vicious who ruin themselves and everyone connected with them, do it as often with their eyes open as from blind infatuation; and it is the bias of their wills, not the deficiency of their understandings, that is in fault.

The greatest fools in practice are sometimes the wisest men in theory, for they have all the advantage of their own experience and self-reflection to prompt them; and they can give the best advice to others, though they do not conceive themselves bound to follow it in their own instance. *Video meliora proboque*, etc. Their judgments may be clear and

just, but their habits and affections lie all the wrong way; and it is as useless as it would be cruel to expect them to reform, since they only delight and can only exist in their darling absurdities and daily and hourly *escapades* from common sense and reason.

VIII

INTERNATIONAL THOUGHT

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

The exchange of international thought is
the only possible salvation of the world.

To those who, until 1914, believed in civil behaviour between man and man, the war and its ensuing peace brought disenchantment. Preoccupied with the humaner pursuits, and generally unfamiliar with the real struggle for existence, they were caught napping. The rest of mankind have experienced no particular astonishment—the doing-down of man by man was part of daily life, and when it was done collectively they felt no spiritual change. It was dreadful and—natural. This may not be a popular view of human life in the mass, but it is true. Average life is a long fight; this man's success is that man's failure; co-operation and justice are only the palliatives of a basic, and ruthless, competition. The disenchantment of the few would not have mattered so much but for the fact that they were the nerves and voice of the community. Their histories, poems, novels, plays, pictures, treatises, sermons were the expression of what we call civilization. And disenchanted philosophers, though by so much the nearer to the truths of existence, are by that much, perhaps, the less useful to human nature. We need scant reminder of a truth always with us, we need rather perpetual assertion that the truth might with advantage be, and may possibly with effort become, less unpleasant. Though we ought to look things in the face, afflatus is the essence of ethical philosophy.

It is a pity then, that philosophy is or has been draggletailing—art avoiding life, taking to contraptions of form and colour signifying nothing; literature driven in on itself, or running riot; science more hopeful of perfecting poison gas than of abating coal-smoke or curing cancer; that religion should incline to tuck its head under the wing of spiritualism; that there should be, in fact, a kind of tacit abandonment of the belief in life. Sport, which still keeps a flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from jungle.

Looking the world in the face, we see what may be called a precious mess. Under a thin veneer—sometimes no veneer—of regard for civilization, each country, great and small, is pursuing its own ends, struggling to rebuild its own house in the burnt village. The dread of confusion—worse—confounded, of death recrowned, and pestilence revived alone keeps the nations to the compromise of peace. What chance has a better spirit?

‘The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation of the world,’ are the words of Thomas Hardy, and so true that it may be well to cast an eye over such mediums as we have for the exchange of international thought. ‘The Permanent Court of International Justice’; ‘The League of Nations’; ‘The Pan-American Congress’; certain sectional associations of this nation with that nation, tarred somewhat with the brush of self-interest; sporadic international conferences concerned with sectional interests; and such societies as the Rotary International, the International Confederation of Students, and the P.E.N. Club, an international association

of writers with friendly aims, but no political intentions. These are about all, and they are taken none too seriously by the peoples of the earth. The salvation of a world in which we all live, however, would seem to have a certain importance. Why, then, is not more attention paid to the only existing means of salvation? The argument for neglect is much as follows: Force has always ruled human life—it always will. Competition is basic. Co-operation and justice succeed, indeed, in definite communities so far as to minimize the grosser forms of crime, but only because general opinion within the ring-fence of a definite community gives them an underlying force which the individual offender cannot withstand. There is no such ring-fence round nations, therefore no general opinion, and no underlying force to ensure the abstention of individual nations from crime—if, indeed, transgression of laws which are not fixed can be called crime.

This is the average hard-headed view at the moment. If it is to remain dominant, there is no salvation in store for the world. 'Why not?' replies the hard-head. 'It always has been the view, and the world has gone on?' True! But the last few years have brought a startling change in the conditions of existence—a change which has not yet been fully realized. *Destructive science has gone ahead out of all proportion.* It is developing so fast that each irresponsible assertion of national rights or interests brings the world appreciably nearer to ruin. Without any doubt whatever the powers of destruction are gaining fast on the powers of creation and construction. In old days a thirty years' war was needed to exhaust a nation; it will soon be (if it is not already) possible to exhaust a nation in a week by the destruction of its big towns from the air. The conquest of the air, so jubilantly hailed by the unthinking, may turn out the most sinister event that ever befell us, simply because it came before we were fit for it—fit to act reasonably under the

temptation of its fearful possibilities. The use made of it in the last war showed that; and the sheeplike refusal of the startled nations to face the new situation, and unanimously ban chemical warfare and the use of flying for destructive purposes, shows it still more clearly. No one denies that the conquest of the air was a great, a wonderful achievement; no one denies that it could be a beneficent achievement if the nations would let it be. But mankind has not yet, apparently, reached a pitch of decency sufficient to be trusted with such an inviting and terribly destructive weapon. We are all familiar with the argument: Make war dreadful enough, and there will be no war. And we none of us believe in it. The last war disproved it utterly. Competition in armaments has already begun, among men who think, to mean competition in the air. Nothing else will count in a few years' time. We have made through our science a monster that will devour us yet unless by exchanging international thought we can create a general opinion against the new powers of destruction so strong and so unanimous that no nation will care to face the force which underlies it.

A well-known advocate of the League of Nations said the other day: 'I do not believe it necessary that the League should have a definite force at its disposal. It could not maintain a force that would keep any first-rate power from breaking the peace. Its strength lies in the use of publicity; in its being able to voice universal disapproval with all the latent potentiality of universal action.'

Certainly, the genuine publication of all military movements and developments throughout the world, the unfathoming and broadcasting of destructive inventions and devices, would bring us nearer to salvation than any covenant can do. If the world's chemists and the world's engineers would hold annual meetings in a friendly spirit for the salvation of mankind! If they could agree together that to exercise their

ingenuity on the perfecting of destructive agents for the use of governments was a crime; to take money for it a betrayal of their species! If we could have such exchange of international thought as that, then indeed we might hear the rustle of salvation's wings. And—after all—why not? The answer to the question—Is there to be happiness or misery, growth or ruin for the human species?—does not now lie with governments. Governments are competitive trustees for competitive sections of mankind. Put destruction in their hands and they will use it to further the interests of those for whom they are trustees; just as they will use and even inspire the spiritual poison gas of pressmen. The real key to the future is in the hands of those who provide the means of destruction. Are scientists (chemists, inventors, engineers) to be Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Japanese, Russians, before they are men, in this matter of the making of destruction? Are they to be more concerned with the interests of their own countries, or with the interests of the human species? That has become the question they have to answer now that they have for the first time the future of the human race within their grasp. Modern invention has taken such a vast stride forward that the incidence of responsibility is changed. It rests on Science as it never did before; on Science, and on—Finance. There again the exchange of international thought has become terrifically important. The financiers of the world, for instance, in the light of their knowledge, under the pressure of their difficulties, out of the motive of mutual aid, could certainly devise some real and lasting economic betterment, if only they would set to work steadily, not spasmodically, to exchange international thought.

Hard-head's answer to such suggestions is: 'Nonsense! Inventors, chemists, engineers, financiers, all have to make their living, and are just as disposed to believe in their own

countries as other men. Their pockets and the countries who guarantee those pockets have first call on them.' Well! That has become the point. If neither Science nor Finance will agree to think internationally, there is probably nothing for it but to kennel-up in disenchantment, and wait for an end which can't be very long in coming—not a complete end, of course, say a general condition of affairs similar to that which existed recently in the famine provinces of Russia.

It is easy to be pessimistic, and easy to indulge in cheap optimism; to steer between the two is hard. We still have a chance of saving and improving such civilization as we have; but this chance depends on how far we succeed in exchanging international thought in the next few years. To some the word international has a socialistic, even communistic significance. But, as here used, it has nothing whatever to do with economic theories, class divisions, or political aims. The exchange of international thought, which alone can save us, is the exchange of thought between *craftsmen*—between the statesmen of the different countries; the lawyers of the different countries; the scientists, the financiers, the writers of the different countries. We have the mediums of exchange (however inadequately made use of) for the statesmen and the lawyers, but the scientists (inventors, chemists, engineers) and the financiers, the two sets of craftsmen in whose hands the future of the world chiefly lies, at present lack adequate machinery for the exchange of international thought, and adequate conception of the extent to which world responsibility now falls on them. If they could once realize the supreme nature of that responsibility, the battle of salvation should be half won.

Coming to the exchange of international thought in one's own craft, there seem three ways in which writers, as such, can help to ease the future of the world. They can be friendly and hospitable to the writers of other countries—

and for this purpose exists the international P.E.N. Club, with its many and increasing branches. They can recognize and maintain the principle that works of the imagination, indeed all works of art, are the property of mankind at large, and not merely of the country of their origin; that to discontinue (for example) during a war with Germany the reading of German poetry, the listening to German music, the looking at German pictures, was a harmful absurdity which should never be repeated. Any real work of art, individual and racial though it be in root and fibre, is impersonal and universal in its appeal. Art is one of the great natural links (perhaps the only great natural link) between the various breeds of men, and to scotch its gentling influence in time of war is to confess ourselves still apes and tigers. Only writers can spread this creed, only writers can keep the door open for art during national feuds; and it is their plain duty to do this service to mankind.

The third and greatest way in which the writer can ease the future is simply stated in the words: Fair Play. The power of the Press is a good third to the powers of Science and Finance. If the Press, as a whole, never diverged from fair report; if it refused to give unmeasured service to party or patriotic passion; if it played the game as Sport plays it—what a clearance of the air! At present, with, of course, many and distinguished exceptions, the Press in every country plays the game according to rules of its own which have too little acquaintance with those of Sport.

The Press is manned by a great crew of writers, the vast majority of whom have in private life a higher standard of fair play than that followed by the Press ship they man. They would, I believe, be the first to confess that. Improvement in Press standards of international and political fair play can only come from the individual writers who make up the Press. And such reform will not come until editors and journalists

acquire the habit of exchanging thought internationally, of broadening their minds and hearts with other points of view, of recognizing that they must treat as they would themselves be treated. Only, in short, when they do as they would, most of them, individually choose to do, will a sort of word-miasma cease to breed international agues and fever. We do not commonly hold in private life that ends justify means. Why should they be held to justify means in Press life—why should report so often be accepted without due examination when it is favourable to one's views, rejected without due examination when it is unfavourable? why should the other side's view be burked so often? and so on, and so on. The Press has great power and professes high ideals; it has much virtue; it does great service; but it does greater harm when, for whatever reason, it diverges from truth, or from the principles of fair play.

To sum up, Governments and Peoples are no longer in charge. Our fate is really in the hands of the three great Powers—Science, Finance, and the Press. Underneath the showy political surface of things, those three great Powers are secretly determining the march of the nations; and there is little hope for the future unless they can mellow and develop on international lines. In each of these departments of life there must be men who feel this as strongly as the writer of these words. The world's hope lies with them; in the possibility of their being able to institute a sort of craftsman's trusteeship for mankind—a new triple alliance, of Science, Finance, and the Press, in service to a new idealism. Nations, in block, will never join hands, never have much in common, never be able to see each other's points of view. The outstanding craftsmen of the nations have a far better chance of seeing eye to eye; they have the common ground of their craft, and a livelier vision. What divides them at present is a too narrow sense of patriotism,

and—to speak crudely—money. Inventors must exist; financiers live; and papers pay. And, here, Irony smiles. Though Science, Finance, and the Press at present seem to doubt it, there is, still, more money to be made out of the salvation of mankind than out of its destruction; a better and more enduring livelihood for these three Estates. And yet without the free exchange of international thought we may be fairly certain that the present purely national basis of their livelihoods will persist, and if it does the human race will not, or at least so meagrely that it will be true to say of it, as of Anatole France's old woman: 'It lives—but so little!'

IX

PATRIOTISM

BY W. R. INGE

THE sentiment of patriotism has seemed to many to mark an arrest of development in the psychical expansion of the individual, a half-way house between mere self-centredness and full human sympathy. Some moralists have condemned it as pure egoism, magnified and disguised. 'Patriotism,' says Ruskin, 'is an absurd prejudice founded on an extended selfishness.' Mr. Grant Allen calls it 'a vulgar vice—the national or collective form of the monopolist instinct'. Mr. Havelock Ellis allows it to be 'a virtue—among barbarians'. For Herbert Spencer it is 'reflex egoism—extended selfishness'. These critics have made the very common mistake of judging human emotions and sentiments by their roots instead of by their fruits. They have forgotten the Aristotelian canon that the 'nature' of anything is its completed development (*ἡ φύσις τέλος ἐστίν*). The human self, as we know it, is a transitional form. It had a humble origin, and is capable of indefinite enhancement. Ultimately, we are what we love and care for, and no limit has been set to what we may become without ceasing to be ourselves. The case is the same with our love of country. No limit has been set to what our country may come to mean for us, without ceasing to be our country. Marcus Aurelius exhorted himself—'The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops; shall not I say, Dear city of God?' But the city of God in which he wished to be was a city in which he would still live as 'a Roman and an Antonine'.

Patriotism has two roots, the love of clan and the love of home. In migratory tribes the former alone counts; in settled communities diversities of origin are often forgotten. But the love of home, as we know it, is a gentler and more spiritual bond than clanship. The word home is associated with all that makes life beautiful and sacred, with tender memories of joy and sorrow, and especially with the first eager outlook of the young mind upon a wonderful world. A man does not as a rule feel much sentiment about his London house, still less about his office or factory. It is for the home of his childhood, or of his ancestors, that a man will fight most readily, because he is bound to it by a spiritual and poetic tie. Expanding from this centre, the sentiment of patriotism embraces one's country as a whole.

An instinct which has supplied fuel to patriotism of the baser sort is that of acquisitiveness. This tendency, without which even the most rudimentary civilization would be impossible, began when the female of the species, instead of carrying her baby on her back and following the male to his hunting-grounds, made some sort of a lair for herself and her family, where primitive implements and stores of food could be kept. There are still tribes in Brazil which have not reached this first step towards humanization. But the instinct of hoarding, like all other instincts, tends to become hypertrophied and perverted; and with the institution of private property comes another institution—that of plunder and brigandage. In private life, no motive of action is at present so powerful and so persistent as acquisitiveness, which, unlike most other desires, knows no satiety. The average man is rich enough when he has a little more than he has got, and not till then. The acquisition and possession of land satisfies this desire in a high degree, since land is a visible and indestructible form of property. Consequently, as soon as the instincts of the individual are transferred to the group,

territorial aggrandizement becomes a main preoccupation of the state. This desire was the chief cause of wars, while kings and nobles regarded the territories over which they ruled as their private estates. Wherever despotic or feudal conditions survive, such ideas are likely still to be found, and to cause dangers to other states. The greatest ambition of a modern emperor is still to be commemorated as a *Mehrer des Reichs*. *in larger yet empire.*

Capitalism, by separating the idea of property from any necessary connexion with landed estate, and democracy, by denying the whole theory on which dynastic wars of conquest are based, have both contributed to check this, perhaps the worst kind of war. It would, however, be a great error to suppose that the instinct of acquisitiveness, in its old and barbarous form, has lost its hold upon even the most civilized nations. When an old-fashioned brigand appears, and puts himself at the head of his nation, he becomes at once a popular hero. By any rational standard of morality, few greater scoundrels have lived than Frederick the Great and Napoleon I. But they are still names to conjure with. Both were men of singularly lucid intellect and entirely medieval ambitions. Their great achievement was to show how under modern conditions aggressive war may be carried on without much loss (except in human life) to the aggressor. They tore up all the conventions which regulated the conduct of warfare, and reduced it to sheer brigandage and terrorism. And now, after a hundred years, we see these methods deliberately revived by the greatest military power in the world, and applied with the same ruthlessness and with an added pedantry which makes them more inhuman. The perpetrators of the crime calculated quite correctly that they need fear no reluctance on the part of the nation, no qualms of conscience, no compassionate shrinking, no remorse. It must, indeed, be a bad cause that cannot count on the

support of the large majority of the people at the *beginning* of a war. ¹ Pugnacity, greed, mere excitement, the contagion of a crowd, will fill the streets of almost any capital with a shouting and jubilant mob on the day after a war has been declared.

And yet the motives which we have enumerated are plainly atavistic and pathological. They belong to a mental condition which would conduct an individual to the prison or the gallows. We do not argue seriously whether the career of the highwayman or burglar is legitimate and desirable; and it is impossible to maintain that what is disgraceful for the individual is creditable for the state. And apart from the consideration that predatory patriotism deforms its own idol and makes it hateful in the eyes of the world, subsequent history has fully confirmed the moral instinct of the ancient Greeks, that national insolence or injustice (*ἰβρις*) brings its own severe punishment. The imaginary dialogue which Thucydides puts into the mouth of the Athenian and Melian envoys, and the debate in the Athenian Assembly about the punishment of revolted Mitylene, are intended to prepare the reader for the tragic fate of the Sicilian expedition. The same writer describes the break-up of all social morality during the civil war in words which seem to herald the destruction not only of Athens, but of Greek freedom. Machiavelli's 'Prince' shows how history can repeat itself, reiterating its lesson that a nation which gives itself to immoral aggrandizement is far on the road to disintegration. Seneca's rebuke to his slave-holding countrymen, 'Can you complain that you have been robbed of the liberty which you have yourselves abolished in your own homes?' applies equally to nations which have enslaved or exploited the inhabitants of subject lands. If the Roman Empire had a long and glorious life, it was because its methods were liberal, by the standard of ancient times. In so far as Rome abused her power, she suffered the doom of all tyrants.

The notion that frequent war is a healthy tonic for a nation is scarcely tenable. Its dysgenic effect, by eliminating the strongest and healthiest of the population, while leaving the weaklings at home to be the fathers of the next generation, is no new discovery. It has been supported by a succession of men, such as Tenon, Dufau, Foissac, de Lapouge, and Richet in France; Tiedemann and Seeck in Germany; Guerrini in Italy; Kellogg and Starr Jordan in America. The case is indeed overwhelming. The lives destroyed in war are nearly all males, thus disturbing the sex equilibrium of the population; they are in the prime of life, at the age of greatest fecundity; and they are picked from a list out of which from twenty to thirty per cent have been rejected for physical unfitness. It seems to be proved that the children born in France during the Napoleonic wars were poor and undersized—thirty millimetres below the normal height. War combined with religious celibacy to ruin Spain. 'Castile makes men and wastes them,' said a Spanish writer. 'This sublime and terrible phrase sums up the whole of Spanish history.' Schiller was right: '*Immer der Krieg verschlingt die besten.*' We in England have suffered from this drain in the past; we shall suffer much more in the next generation.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.

We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.

Aggressive patriotism is thus condemned by common sense and the verdict of history no less than by morality. We are entitled to say to the militarists what Socrates said to Polus:

'This doctrine of yours has now been examined and found wanting. And this doctrine alone has stood the test—that we ought to be more afraid of doing than of suffering wrong; and that the prime business of every man [and nation] is not to seem good, but to be good, in all private and public dealings.'

If the nations would render something more than lip-service to this principle, the abolition of war would be within sight; for, as Ruskin says, echoing the judgment of the Epistle of St. James, 'The first reason for all wars, and for the necessity of national defences, is that the majority of persons high and low, in all European countries, are thieves.' But it must be remembered that, in spite of the proverb, it takes in reality only one to make a quarrel. It is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favour of vegetarianism, while the wolf remains of a different opinion.

Our own conversion to pacificism, though sincere, is somewhat recent. Our literature does not reflect it. Bacon is frankly militarist:

'Above all, for empire and greatness, it importeth most, that a nation do profess arms, as their principal honour, study, and occupation. For the things which we formerly have spoken of are but habilitations towards arms; and what is habilitation without intention and act? . . . It is so plain that a man profiteth in that he most intendeth, that it needeth not to be stood upon. It is enough to point at it; that no nation which doth not directly profess arms, may look to have greatness fall into their mouths.'

A state, therefore, 'ought to have those laws or customs, which may reach forth unto them just occasions of war.' Shakespeare's *Henry V* has been not unreasonably recommended by the Germans as 'good war-reading'. It would be easy to compile a *catena* of bellicose maxims from our literature, reaching down to the end of the nineteenth century. The

change is perhaps due less to progress in morality than to that political good sense which has again and again steered our ship through dangerous rocks. But there has been some real advance, in all civilized countries. We do not find that men talked about the 'bankruptcy of Christianity' during the Napoleonic campaigns. Even the Germans think it necessary to tell each other that it was Belgium who began this war.

But, though pugnacity and acquisitiveness have been the real foundation of much miscalled patriotism, better motives are generally mingled with these primitive instincts. It is the subtle blend of noble and ignoble sentiment which makes patriotism such a difficult problem for the moralist. The patriot nearly always believes, or thinks he believes, that he desires the greatness of his country because his country stands for something intrinsically great and valuable. Where this conviction is absent we cannot speak of patriotism, but only of the cohesion of a wolf-pack.

At the end of the Middle Ages Europe was at last compelled to admit that the grand idea of an universal state and an universal church had definitely broken down. Hitherto it had been assumed that behind all national disputes lay a *ius gentium* by which all were bound, and that behind all religious questions lay the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, from which there was no appeal. The modern period, which certainly does not represent the last word of civilization, has witnessed the abandonment of these ideas. The change took place gradually. France became a nation when the English raids ceased in the middle of the fifteenth century. Spain achieved unity a generation later by the union of Castile and Aragon and the expulsion of the Moors from the peninsula. Holland found herself in the heroic struggle against Spain in the sixteenth century. But the practice of conducting wars by hiring foreign mercenaries, a sure sign that the

nationalist spirit is weak, continued till much later. And the dynastic principle, which is the very negation of nationalism, actually culminated in the eighteenth century; and this is the true explanation of the feeble resistance which Europe offered to the French revolutionary armies, until Napoleon stirred up the dormant spirit of nationalism in the peoples whom he plundered. 'In the old European system,' says Lord Acton, 'the rights of nationalities were neither recognized by governments nor asserted by the people. The interests of the reigning families, not those of the nations, regulated the frontiers; and the administration was conducted generally without any reference to popular desires.' Marriage or conquest might unite the most diverse nations under one sovereign, such as Charles V.

While such ideas prevailed, the suppression of a nation did not seem hateful; the partition of Poland evoked few protests at the time, though perhaps few acts of injustice have recoiled with greater force on the heads of their perpetrators than this is likely to do. Poles have been and are among the bitterest enemies of autocracy, and the strongest advocates of republicanism and racialism, in all parts of the world. The French Revolution opened a new era for nationalism, both directly and indirectly. The deposition of the Bourbons was a national act which might be a precedent for other oppressed peoples. And when the Revolution itself began to trample on the rights of other nations, an uprising took place, first in Spain and then in Prussia, which proved too strong for the tyrant. The apostasy of France from her own ideals of liberty proved the futility of mere doctrines, like those of Rousseau, and compelled the peoples to arm themselves and win their freedom by the sword. The national militarism of Prussia was the direct consequence of her humiliation at Jena and Auerstädt, and of the harsh terms imposed upon her at Tilsit. It is true that the Con-

gress of Vienna attempted to revive the old dynastic system. But for the steady opposition of England, the clique of despots might have reimposed the old yoke upon their subjects. The settlement of 1815 also left the entire centre of Europe in a state of chaos; and it was only by slow degrees that Italy and Germany attained national unity. Poland, the Austrian Empire, and the Balkan States still remain in a condition to trouble the peace of the world. In Austria-Hungary the clash of the dynastic and the nationalist ideas is strident; and every citizen of that empire has to choose between a wider and a narrower allegiance.

Europeans are, in fact, far from having made up their minds as to what is the organic whole towards which patriotic sentiment ought to be directed. Socialism agrees with despotism in saying, 'It is the political aggregate, the state,' however much they may differ as to how the state should be administered. For this reason militarism and state-socialism might at any time come to terms. They are at one in exaggerating the 'organic' unity of a political or geographical *enclave*; and they are at one in depreciating the value of individual liberty. Loyalty to 'the state' instead of to 'king and country' is not an easy or a natural emotion. The state is a bloodless abstraction, which as a rule only materializes as a drill-sergeant or a tax-collector. Enthusiasm for it, and not only for what can be got out of it, does not extend much beyond the Fabian Society. Cæsarism has the great advantage of a visible head, as well as of its appeal to very old and strong thought-habits; and accordingly, in any national crisis, loyalty to the War-lord is likely to show unexpected strength, and doctrinaire socialism unexpected weakness.

But devotion to the head of the state in his representative capacity is a different thing from the old feudal loyalty. It is far more impersonal; the ruler, whether an individual or a council, is revered as a non-human and non-moral

embodiment of the national power, a sort of Platonic idea of coercive authority. This kind of loyalty may very easily be carried too far. In reality, we are members of a great many 'social organisms', each of which has infeasible claims upon us. Our family, our circle of acquaintance, our business or profession, our church, our country, the comity of civilized nations, humanity at large, are all social organisms; and some of the chief problems of ethics are concerned with the adjustment of their conflicting claims. To make any one of these absolute is destructive of morality. But militarism and socialism deliberately make the state absolute. In internal affairs this may lead to the ruthless oppression of individuals or whole classes; in external relations it produces wars waged with 'methods of barbarism'. The whole idea of the state as an organism, which has been emphasized by social reformers as a theoretical refutation of selfish individualism, rests on the abuse of a metaphor. The bond between the dwellers in the same political area is far less close than that between the organs of a living body. Every man has a life of his own, and some purely personal rights; he has, moreover, moral links with other human associations, outside his own country, and important moral duties towards them. No one who reflects on the solidarity of interests among capitalists, among hand-workers, or, in a different way, among scholars and artists, all over the world, can fail to see that the apotheosis of the state, whether in the interest of war or of revolution, is an anachronism and an absurdity.

A very different basis for patriotic sentiment is furnished by the scientific or pseudo-scientific theories about race, which have become very popular in our time. When the history of ideas in the twentieth century comes to be written, it is certain that among the causes of this great war will be named the belief of the Germans in the superiority of

their own race, based on certain historical and ethnological theories which have acted like a heady wine in stimulating the spirit of aggression among them. The theory, stated briefly, is that the shores of the Baltic are the home of the finest human type that has yet existed, a type distinguished by blond hair, great physical strength, unequalled mental vigour and ability, superior morality, and an innate aptitude for governing and improving inferior races. Unfortunately for the world, this noble stock cannot flourish for very long in climates unlike its own; but from the earliest historical times it has 'swarmed' periodically, subjugating the feebler peoples of the south, and elevating them for a time above the level which they were naturally fitted to reach. Wherever we find marked energy and nobleness of character, we may suspect Aryan blood; and history will usually support our surmise. Among the great men who were certainly or probably Germans were Agamemnon, Julius Cæsar, the Founder of Christianity, Dante, and Shakespeare. The blond Nordic giant is fulfilling his mission by conquering and imposing his culture upon other races. They ought to be grateful to him for the service, especially as it has a sacrificial aspect, the lower types having, at least in their own climates, greater power of survival.

This fantastic theory has been defended in a large number of German books, of which the *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, by the renegade Englishman, Houston Chamberlain, is the most widely known. The objections to it are numerous. It is notorious that until the invention of gunpowder the settled and civilized peoples of Europe were in frequent danger from bands of hardier mountaineers, forest-dwellers, or pastoral nomads, who generally came from the north. But the formidable fighting powers of these marauders were no proof of intrinsic superiority. In fact, the most successful of these conquerors, if success is measured by the amount

of territory overrun and subdued, were not the 'great blond beasts' of Nietzsche, but yellow monsters with black hair, the Huns and Tartars.¹ The causes of Tartar ascendancy had not the remotest connexion with any moral or intellectual qualities which we can be expected to admire. Nor can the Nordic race, well endowed by nature as it undoubtedly is, prove such a superiority as this theory claims for it. Some of the largest brains yet measured have been those of Japanese; and the Jews have probably a higher average of ability than the Teutons. Again, the Germans are not descended from a pure Nordic stock. The Northern type can be best studied in Scandinavia, where the people share with the Irish the distinction of being the handsomest race in the world. The German is a mixture of various anatomical types, including, in some parts, distinct traces of Mongolian blood, which indicate that the raiding Huns meddled, according to their custom, with the German women, and bequeathed to a section of the nation the Turanian cheek-bones, as well as certain moral characteristics. Lastly, the German race has never shown much aptitude for governing and assimilating other peoples. The French, by virtue of their greater sympathy, are far more successful.

The French have their own form of this pseudo-science in their doctrine of the persistence of national characteristics. Each nation may be summed up in a formula: England, for example, is 'the country of will'. A few instances may, no doubt, be quoted in support of this theory. Julius Cæsar said: '*Duas res plerasque Gallia industriosissime prosequitur, rem militarem et argute loqui*;' and these are still the characteristics of our gallant allies. And Madame de Staël

¹ The reasons of their irresistible strength have been explained in a most brilliant manner by Dr. Peisker, in the first volume of the *Cambridge Medieval History*.

may be thought to have hit off the German character very cleverly about the time when Bismarck first saw the light. 'The Germans are vigorously submissive. They employ philosophical reasonings to explain what is the least philosophic thing in the world, respect for force and the fear which transforms that respect into admiration.' But the fact remains that the characters of nations frequently change, or rather that what we call national character is usually only the policy of the governing class, forced upon it by circumstances, or the manner of living which climate, geographical position, and other external causes have made necessary for the inhabitants of a country.

To found patriotism on homogeneity of race is no wiser than to bound it by frontier lines. As the Abbé Noël has lately written about his own country, Belgium, 'The race is not the nation. The nation is not a physiological fact; it is a moral fact. What constitutes a nation is the community of sentiments and ideals which results from a common history and education. The variations of the cephalic index are here of no great importance. The essential factor of the national consciousness resides in a certain common mode of conceiving the conditions of the social life.'

Belgium, the Abbé maintains, has found this national consciousness amid her sufferings; there are no longer any distinctions between French-speaking Belgians and Walloons or Flemings. This is in truth the real base of patriotism. It is the basis of our own love for our country. What Britain stands for is what Britain is. We have long known in our hearts what Britain stands for; but we have now been driven to search our thoughts and make our ideals explicit to ourselves and others. The Englishman has become a philosopher *malgré lui*. 'Whatever the world thinks,' writes Bishop Berkeley, 'he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human soul, and the *summum bonum*, may

possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and sorry statesman.' These words, which were quoted by Mr. Arthur Balfour a few years ago, may seem to make a large demand on the average citizen; but in our quiet way we have all been meditating on these things since last August, and we know pretty well what our *summum bonum* is for our country. We believe in chivalry and fair play and kindness—these things first and foremost; and we believe, if not exactly in democracy, yet in a government under which a man may think and speak the thing he wills. We do not believe in war, and we do not believe in bullying. We do not flatter ourselves that we are the supermen; but we are convinced that the ideas which we stand for, and which we have on the whole tried to carry out, are essential to the peaceful progress and happiness of humanity; and for these ideas we have drawn the sword. The great words of Abraham Lincoln have been on the lips of many and in the hearts of all since the beginning of the great contest: 'With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right; —let us strive on to finish the work we are in.'

Patriotism thus spiritualized and moralized is the true patriotism. When the emotion is once set in its right relations to the whole of human life and to all that makes human life worth living, it cannot become an immoral obsession. It is certain to become an immoral obsession if it is isolated and made absolute. We have seen the appalling perversion—the methodical diabolism—which this obsession has produced in Germany. It has startled us because we thought that the civilized world had got beyond such insanity; but it is of course no new thing. Machiavelli said, 'I prefer my country to the salvation of my soul'—a sentiment which sounds noble but is not; it has only a superficial resemblance to St. Paul's willingness to be 'accursed' for the sake of his countrymen.

Devil-worship remains what it was, even when the idol is draped in the national flag. This obsession may be in part a survival from savage conditions, when all was at stake in every feud; but chiefly it is an example of the idealizing and universalizing power of the imagination, which turns every unchecked passion into a monomania. The only remedy is, as Lowell's Hosea Biglow reminds us, to bear in mind that 'Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model; and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intendment. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*.' So Socrates said that the wise man will be a citizen of his true city, of which the type is laid up in heaven, and only conditionally of his earthly country.

STANDARDS OF JUDGMENT

I

THE FEDERATION OF MANKIND

BY H. G. WELLS

THERE can be little question that the attainment of a federation of all humanity, together with a sufficient measure of social justice, to ensure health, education, and a rough equality of opportunity to most of the children born into the world, would mean such a release and increase of human energy as to open a new phase in human history. The enormous waste caused by military preparation and the mutual annoyance of competing great powers, and the still more enormous waste due to the under-productiveness of great masses of people, either because they are too wealthy for stimulus or too poor for efficiency, would cease. There would be a vast increase in the supply of human necessities, a rise in the standard of life and in what is considered a necessity, a development of transport and every kind of convenience; and a multitude of people would be transferred from low-grade production to such higher work as art of all kinds, teaching, scientific research, and the like. All over the world there would be a setting free of human capacity, such as has occurred hitherto only in small places and through precious limited phases of prosperity and security. Unless we are to suppose that spontaneous outbreaks of supermen have occurred in the past, it is reasonable to conclude that the Athens of Pericles, the Florence of the Medici, Elizabethan England, the great deeds of Asoka, the Tang and Ming periods in art, are but samples of what a whole world of

sustained security would yield continuously and cumulatively. Without supposing any change in human quality, but merely its release from the present system of inordinate waste, history justifies this expectation.

We have seen how, since the liberation of human thought in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a comparatively few curious and intelligent men, chiefly in western Europe, have produced a vision of the world and a body of science that is now, on the material side, revolutionizing life. Mostly these men have worked against great discouragement, with insufficient funds and small help or support from the mass of mankind. It is impossible to believe that these men were the maximum intellectual harvest of their generation. England alone in the last three centuries must have produced scores of Newtons who never learnt to read, hundreds of Daltons, Darwins, Bacons, and Huxleys, who died stunted in hovels, or never got a chance of proving their quality.

All the world over, there must have been myriads of potential first-class investigators, splendid artists, creative minds who never caught a gleam of inspiration or opportunity, for every one of that kind who has left his mark upon the world. In the trenches of the Western front alone during the Great War thousands of potential great men died unfulfilled. But a world with something like a secure international peace, and something like social justice, will fish for capacity with the fine net of universal education, and may expect a yield beyond comparison greater than any yield of able and brilliant men that the world has known hitherto.

It is such considerations as this, indeed, which justify the concentration of effort in the near future upon the making of a new world state of righteousness out of our present confusions. War is a horrible thing, and constantly more horrible and dreadful, so that unless it is ended it will certainly end

human society; social injustice, and the sight of the limited and cramped human beings it produces, torment the soul, but the strongest incentive to constructive political and social work for an imaginative spirit lies not so much in the mere hope of escaping evils as in the opportunity for great adventures that their suppression will open to our race. We want to get rid of the militarist, not simply because he hurts and kills, but because he is an intolerable thick-voiced blockhead who stands hectoring and blustering in our way to achievement. We want to abolish many extravagances of private ownership just as we should want to abolish some idiot guardian who refused us admission to a studio in which there were fine things to do.

There are people who seem to imagine that a world order and one universal law of justice would end human adventure. It would but begin it. But instead of the adventure of the the past, the 'romance' of the cinematograph world, the perpetual reiterated harping upon the trite reactions of sex and combat and the hunt for gold, it would be an unending exploration upon the edge of experience. Hitherto a man has been living in a slum, amidst quarrels, revenges, vanities, shames and taints, hot desires and urgent appetites. He has scarcely tasted sweet air yet and the great freedoms of the world that science has enlarged for him.

To picture to ourselves something of the wider life that world unity would open to men is a very attractive speculation. Life will certainly go with a stronger pulse, it will breathe a deeper breath, because it will have dispelled and conquered a hundred infections of body and mind that now reduce it to invalidism and squalor. We have already laid stress on the vast elimination of drudgery from human life through the creation of a new race of slaves, the machines. This, and the disappearance of war and the smoothing out of endless restraints and contentions by juster social and

economic arrangements, will lift the burthen of toilsome work and routine work, that has been the price of human security since the dawn of the first civilizations, from the shoulders of our children. Which does not mean that they will cease to work, but that they will cease to do irksome work under pressure, and will work freely, planning, making, creating, according to their gifts and instincts. They will fight nature no longer as dull conscripts of the pick and plough, but for a splendid conquest. Only the spiritlessness of our present depression blinds us to the clear intimations of our reason that in the course of a few generations every little country town could become an Athens, every human being could be gentle in breeding and healthy in body and mind, the whole solid earth man's mine and its uttermost regions his playground.

In this *Outline* we have sought to show two great systems of development interacting in the story of human society. We have seen, growing out of that later special neolithic culture, and arising out of this in the warmer alluvial parts of the world, the great primordial civilizations, fecund systems of subjugation and obedience, vast multiplications of industrious and subservient men. We have shown the necessary relationship of these early civilizations to the early temples and to king-gods and god-kings. At the same time we have traced the development from a simpler neolithic level of the wanderer peoples, who became the nomadic peoples, in those great groups the Nordic-Aryans and the Hun-Mongol peoples of the north-west and the north-east and (from a heliolithic phase) the Semites of the Arabian deserts. Our history has told of a repeated overrunning and refreshment of the originally brunet civilizations by these hardier, bolder, free-spirited peoples of the steppes and desert. We have pointed out how these constantly recurring nomadic injections have steadily altered the primordial

Dark - haired &
brown skin

civilizations both in blood and in spirit; and how the world religions of today, and what we now call democracy, the boldness of modern scientific inquiry and a universal restlessness, are due to this 'nomadization' of civilization. The old civilizations created tradition, and lived by tradition. To-day the power of tradition is destroyed. The body of our state is civilization still, but its spirit is the spirit of the nomadic world. It is the spirit of the great plains and the high seas.

So that it is difficult to resist the persuasion that so soon as one law runs in the earth and the fierceness of frontiers ceases to distress us, that urgency in our nature that stirs us in spring and autumn to be up and travelling, will have its way with us. We shall obey the call of the summer pastures and the winter pastures in our blood, the call of the mountains, the desert, and the sea. For some of us also, who may be of a different lineage, there is the call of the forest, and there are those who would hunt in the summer and return to the fields for the harvest and the plough. But this does not mean that men will have become homeless and all adrift. The normal nomadic life is not a homeless one, but a movement between homes. The Kalmucks today, like the swallows, go yearly a thousand miles from one home to another. The beautiful and convenient cities of the coming age, we conclude, will have their seasons when they will be full of life, and seasons when they will seem asleep. Life will ebb and flow to and from every region seasonally as the interest of that region rises or declines.

There will be little drudgery in this better-ordered world. Natural power harnessed in machines will be the general drudge. What drudgery is inevitable will be done as a service and duty for a few years or months out of each life; it will not consume nor degrade the whole life of anyone. And not only drudges, but many other sorts of men and ways of living which loom large in the current social scheme will necessarily

have dwindled in importance or passed away altogether. There will be few professional fighting men or none at all, no custom-house officers; the increased multitude of teachers will have abolished large police forces and large jail staffs, mad-houses will be rare or non-existent; a world-wide sanitation will have diminished the proportion of hospitals, nurses, sick-room attendants, and the like; a world-wide economic justice, the floating population of cheats, sharpers, gamblers, forestallers, parasites, and speculators generally. But there will be no diminution of adventure or romance in this world of the days to come. Sea fisheries and the incessant insurrection of the sea, for example, will call for their own stalwart types of men; the high air will clamour for manhood, the deep and dangerous secret places of nature. Men will turn again with renewed interest to the animal world. In these disordered days a stupid, uncontrollable massacre of animal species goes on—from certain angles of vision it is a thing almost more tragic than human miseries; in the nineteenth century dozens of animal species, and some of them very interesting species, were exterminated; but one of the first fruits of an effective world state would be the better protection of what are now wild beasts. It is a strange thing in human history to note how little has been done since the Bronze Age in taming, using, befriending and appreciating the animal about us. But that mere witless killing which is called sport today, would inevitably give place in a better educated world community to a modification of the primitive instincts that find expression in this way, changing them into an interest not in the deaths, but in the lives of beasts, and leading to fresh and perhaps very strange and beautiful attempts to befriend these pathetic, kindred lower creatures we no longer fear as enemies, hate as rivals, or need as slaves.

And a world state and universal justice does not mean the

imprisonment of our race in any bleak institutional orderliness. There will still be mountains and the sea, there will be jungles and great forests, cared for indeed and treasured and protected; the great plains will still spread before us and the wild winds blow. But men will not hate so much, fear so much, nor cheat so desperately—and they will keep their minds and bodies cleaner.

There are unhopeful prophets who see in the gathering together of men into one community the possibility of violent race conflicts, conflicts for 'ascendancy', but that is to suppose that civilization is incapable of adjustments by which men of different qualities and temperaments and appearances will live side by side, following different rôles and contributing diverse gifts. The weaving of mankind into one community does not imply the creation of a homogeneous community, but rather the reverse; the welcome and the adequate utilization of distinctive quality in an atmosphere of understanding. It is the almost universal bad manners of the present age which make race intolerable to race. The community to which we may be moving will be more mixed—which does not necessarily mean more interbred—more various and more interesting than any existing community. Communities all to one pattern, like boxes of toy soldiers, are things of the past rather than the future.

But one of the hardest, most impossible tasks a writer can set himself is to picture the life of people better educated, happier in their circumstances, more free and more healthy than he is himself. We know enough today to know that there is infinite room for betterment in every human concern. Nothing is needed but collective effort. Our poverty, our restraints, our infections and indigestions, our quarrels and misunderstandings, are all things controllable and removable by concerted human action, but we know as little how life would feel without them as some poor dirty ill-treated, fierce-

souled creature, born and bred amidst the cruel and dingy surroundings of a European back street can know what it is to bathe every day, always to be clad beautifully, to climb mountains for pleasure, to fly, to meet none but agreeable, well-mannered people, to conduct researches or make delightful things. Yet a time when all such good things will be for all men may be coming more nearly than we think. Each one who believes that brings the good time nearer; each heart that fails delays it.

One cannot foretell the surprises or disappointments the future has in store. Before this chapter of the World State can begin fairly in our histories, other chapters as yet unsuspected may still need to be written, as long and as full of conflict as our account of the growth and rivalries of the Great Powers. There may be tragic economic struggles, grim grapplings of race with race and class with class. We do not know; we cannot tell. These are unnecessary disasters, but they may be unavoidable disasters. Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe. Against the unifying effort of Christendom and against the unifying influence of the mechanical revolution, catastrophe won. New falsities may arise and hold men in some unrighteous and fated scheme of order for a time, before they collapse amidst the misery and slaughter of generations.

Yet, clumsily or smoothly, the world, it seems, progresses and will progress. In this *Outline*, in our account of palæolithic men, we have borrowed a description from Mr. Worthington Smith of the very highest life in the world some fifty thousand years ago. It was a bestial life. We have sketched, too, the gathering for a human sacrifice, some fifteen thousand years ago. That scene again is almost incredibly cruel to a modern civilized reader.

Yet it is not more than five hundred years since the great empire of the Aztecs still believed that it could live only by

the shedding of blood. Every year in Mexico hundreds of human victims died in this fashion; the body was bent like a bow over the curved stone of sacrifice, the breast was slashed open with a knife of obsidian, and the priest tore out the beating heart of the still living victim. The day may be close at hand when we shall no longer tear out the hearts of men, even for the sake of our national gods. Let the reader but refer to the earlier time charts we have given in this history, and he will see the true measure and transitoriness of all the conflicts, deprivations, and miseries of this present period of painful and yet hopeful change.

History is and must always be no more than an account of beginnings. We can venture to prophesy that the next chapters to be written will tell, though perhaps with long interludes of setback and disaster, of the final achievement of world-wide political and social unity. But when that is attained, it will mean no resting stage, nor even a breathing stage, before the development of a new struggle and of new and vaster efforts. Men will unify only to intensify the search for knowledge and power, and live as ever for new occasions. Animal and vegetable life, the obscure processes of psychology, the intimate structure of matter and the interior of our earth, will yield their secrets and endow their conqueror. Life begins perpetually. Gathered together at last under the leadership of man, the student-teacher of the universe, unified, disciplined, armed with the secret powers of the atom and with knowledge as yet beyond dreaming, Life, for ever dying to be born afresh, for every young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as upon a footstool, and stretch out its realm amidst the stars.

II

LITERATURE

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY

WHAT is it that we mean by *Literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware, that in the idea of *literature*, one essential element is—some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that, what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten-thousandth part of its extent. The drama, again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakespeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed¹ their representation some time before they

¹ Charles I, for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakespeare—not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through

were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying, or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books may connect itself with no literary interest.¹ But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge*; and, secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*; the function of the second is—to *move*: the first is a rudder; the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an

the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.

¹ What are called *The Blue Books*, by which title are understood the folio Reports issued every session of Parliament by committees of the two Houses, and stitched into blue covers—though often sneered at by the ignorant as so much waste paper, will be acknowledged gratefully by those who have used them diligently, as the main well-heads of all accurate information as to the Great Britain of this day. As an immense depository of faithful (*and not superannuated*) statistics, they are indispensable to the honest student. But no man would therefore class the *Blue Books* as literature.

object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately, it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth, which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power*, or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance; the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz., the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new—something that you did not know

before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe, is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth: whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it re-combines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually drop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of '*the understanding heart*'—making the heart, i.e. the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to

the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice*?—It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with the elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by moving*. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work: a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quamdiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher

upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus—the *Othello* or *King Lear*—the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*—and the *Paradise Lost*, are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michelangelo. These things are separated not by disparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing; they never absolutely repeat each other; never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less: they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

III

CO-PARTNERSHIP

BY LORD BALFOUR

WE recognize that the industrial system of modern societies is an extremely complex whole, having its roots deep in an immemorial past; bound, therefore, by all the ties which hamper the present in its relation to the future because of the past: and we also recognize that the different industries, co-related as they necessarily are, and yet carried on under different conditions, may require different organizations, having to deal with persons of different degrees of knowledge, experience, and culture, and that it is equally impossible—it would be the worst form of doctrinarianism—to lay down any absolute rule of industrial organization to which every industry must conform, or else be regarded as utterly wanting in those qualities which bring it within a favourable view of those who rule this Society. It is quite true our ideal is complete co-partnership, and by complete co-partnership I mean that those who carry on the work shall be associated as partners in all that the work brings in. That, broadly speaking, is the way I should advocate what is meant by complete co-partnership. But we recognize as an approach to that ideal many arrangements which are far less complete or theoretically perfect. We applaud every arrangement which softens or obliterates the division between employer and employed, between owner and occupier. Everything that is a step in that direction is to us welcome. Everything that helps along the road I have indicated is a step we desire to

encourage, and, speaking for myself, I am certainly not one of those who believe that the ideal scheme can necessarily be carried out to advantage in every industry, in every department of productive effort. Certainly I cannot see that it can be carried out in the present development of society, and I am too disinclined to prophesy, or to lay down dogmatically the proposition that the time ever will come, or indeed ought to come, in which the whole industrial effort of the world will be framed upon one single idea or model.

If I thought that the introduction of the co-partnership system was to prevent that initiative which depends upon men, and to transfer that initiative to the incompetent hands of a committee, I should despair of the process. But it does not mean that at all. I believe the workmen of this country are as capable as any other class of understanding the real force of the observations I have made. They know, or they will know, when this system gets into force for any length of time, that to carry it out in these days—not merely of competition, but in these days when industrial and scientific inventions are making such rapid changes in almost every industry of the country—if you are to hold your own in the struggle for existence against competitors who have every advantage of organization and of initiative, they cannot afford to give up, and they will not desire to give up, the advantage which efficient able management can give them in the struggle for commercial existence. . . .

Let me say one more word in order to remove what I think is a misconception attaching to the movement in which we are all interested. People talk as if it were simply a movement to avoid contests between Capital and Labour, or as if, on the other hand, it was simply a movement to induce workmen to be more energetic and less wasteful in carrying out the work for which they are paid. Those are both excellent objects, but I do not—and I say it frankly—

recognize this movement because it is immediately going to show results in the balance-sheets of employers or companies. I recommend it on much profounder grounds—grounds which go much deeper into the heart of things. After all, I think that in our ordinary speech we lose a great deal by talking as if the labour of a man whose life is devoted to labour was, in itself, an evil, but which becomes tolerable because he is paid for his labour and the payment he receives for his labour can be used to amuse him, or support his family, or in some other way, when the hours of labour are over. There is, of course, an element of truth in that ; but I am quite certain that that element of truth is grossly exaggerated in ordinary speech. I do not say that labour is a pleasure, but I do emphatically say that unless the work we do in life can be made inherently interesting—I do not say pleasurable—we have not yet got at the root of any social problem. The art of life is to make uninteresting parts into an interesting whole. No man's work—I do not care what he works on—is in itself, take it bit by bit, of an exhilarating character.

The uninteresting parts do make an interesting whole, and I am perfectly convinced from observation that many of those who are engaged in what is called less elevating work than that of the House of Commons—perhaps not rightly called less elevating—I am sure that many of those, unknown to themselves, really get most of their satisfaction in life not from their pleasures, but from their labours. And I think we often exaggerate the extent to which at present society fails in that ideal. Talk to an agricultural labourer working on a large well-managed farm, talk to an artisan engaged in some great industry, and you will find—at least I have found—that it is a great mistake to suppose that all they care for is the amount of wages they get per week, and what they can do with that wage. They are interested in the concern. They

feel instinctively that they are part of a great machine, of a great industry involving the expenditure of much brains, organized power, capital, which uses the latest machinery, and which is up to date. They are glad to be parts of that machine. It gives them, or many of them, a certain satisfaction, and they take an intelligent interest in it, although, under our existing system, all that they can get out of it is the actual industrial weekly wage, irrespective of the prosperity or of the adversity of the business, so long as the business continues.

Now I am right in saying that the introduction of machinery has undoubtedly made in many industries the work of individual operatives extremely monotonous. A man or a woman has got to do one thing, and one thing only, all day and every day. They have got to look after one bit of machinery which contributes its own small quota to one complete result, and they have got to do that and nothing else. That is a worse position than what it was when machinery was much less developed than now, and when the individual workman had to do a great many different stages in the same ultimate production; and when, therefore, he had grounds for interest in his work which seem almost removed from the modern operative who has got to deal with the most advanced form of machinery. But, on the other hand, there is a set-off to that in the sense of the extraordinary beauty and complexity of the total mechanism of which he individually manipulates a fragment. I do not believe that the consciousness of that great complex mechanism is absent from the mind of the intelligent workman, although he be dealing only with a small portion of it. If what I have said is true, or is in some near relation to the truth, is it not of enormous importance to us to try and increase this interest in a man's work, which I believe is the chief interest of his life outside the family affections? The music-halls, public houses, and so forth, the

clubs—whatever it may be—may be, if properly used, a not illegitimate addition to the sum total of the felicity of those who use them. But I am certain that it is the work a man does which is the real thing in life. What you have to do is to increase the interest of the workman in the work he is doing, and that you can do more by furthering the co-partnership system than by any other possible means. You then make him feel he is part of a great organized mechanism of production, that he is a unit in the great army which is producing the goods the world consumes. You not only make him feel that he is doing his share of the world's work in that way, and getting a fixed wage for it, but you make him feel that he is a shareholder in the particular department of co-operative work in which he is engaged. That feeling must increase a man's interest. It must make him feel that he will gain by everything that is being done well, while he will lose by everything that is being done ill, and his own personal fortune is more or less bound up in the success of the industrial concern of which he is a member. I venture to suggest that that is a very valuable asset, and that it goes deeper than the balance-sheet or the conflict between Capital and Labour.

There is one other consideration which, to my mind at all events, ought never to be absent from the thoughts of those who desire to develop industrial organization on the line which commends itself to us who are on this platform. Modern industry is an extraordinarily complex and difficult organism. It is an organism all interconnected; it is all one business, but it is a business of the most extraordinary complexity. Some of it involves an expenditure of brains, of intellect, the exercise of courage, and rapid appreciation of a difficult situation, of which I do not suppose the outside public have the smallest conception. Even those who are engaged on a work have probably not any really intimate acquaintance with the difficulties which the owners of that

work have got to face. It is because they do not fully appreciate them that some of the difficulties between Capital and Labour arise. The quarrels of mankind are not due to the fact that mankind are bad; they are due to the fact that mankind are ignorant. The more you can encourage mutual knowledge of each other's affairs by those who have to guide the enterprise, and the workmen on whom they depend for carrying out their plans—the more you bring these two classes together, and especially the more you make the workmen understand the difficulties of the employer—I am certain you will produce a class of men in this country who are fitted to deal with all questions, be they industrial or political or social, who do not exist at the present time. I speak in the presence of some of the Labour members of the House of Commons, who do not agree with me on many points—I dare say they do not agree with each other on many points—but we all agree on this, that nothing can be better for the community as a whole than that the great artisan classes should have the closest possible knowledge, the most intimate knowledge possible, of business methods, difficulties, and risks, as well as of business profits. That great result you will get by Co-partnership, and I doubt if you will get it in any other way. But if Co-partnership, either in its complex form or any of its less developed shapes, becomes general, my firm conviction is that you will have done an enormous benefit for the social advantage of your country, not merely or chiefly because in the industries where Co-partnership exists there will not be strikes, not chiefly because there will be more energy shown on the part of the workmen, and a better balance-sheet of profits at the annual meeting of the concern, but because, in addition to those advantages, and quite apart from and above them, there is the additional interest in the great industrial work which will be instilled into the mind of every worker in the country, and

that greater knowledge of all the complexities and difficulties of industrial life which is the true secret of the sympathy between one producer and another, and which is the great guarantee of social peace and the great hope of social progress.

IV

THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY

BY LORD RUSSELL

WHAT is the value of philosophy and why ought it to be studied? It is necessary to consider this question, in view of the fact that many men, under the influence of science or of practical affairs, are inclined to doubt whether philosophy is anything better than innocent but useless trifling, hair-splitting distinctions, and controversies on matters concerning which knowledge is impossible.

This view of philosophy appears to result, partly from a wrong conception of the ends of life, partly from a wrong conception of the kind of goods which philosophy strives to achieve. Physical science, through the medium of inventions, is useful to innumerable people who are wholly ignorant of it; thus the study of physical science is to be recommended, not only, or primarily, because of the effect on the student, but rather because of the effect on mankind in general. This utility does not belong to philosophy. If the study of philosophy has any value at all for others than students of philosophy, it must be only indirectly, through its effects upon the lives of those who study it. It is in these effects, therefore, if anywhere, that the value of philosophy must be primarily sought.

But further, if we are not to fail in our endeavour to determine the value of philosophy, we must first free our minds from the prejudices of what are wrongly called 'practical' men. The 'practical' man, as this word is often

used, is one who recognizes only material needs, who realizes that men must have food for the body, but is oblivious of the necessity of providing food for the mind. If all men were well off, if poverty and disease had been reduced to their lowest possible point, there would still remain much to be done to produce a valuable society; and even in the existing world the goods of the mind are at least as important as the goods of the body. It is exclusively among the goods of the mind that the value of philosophy is to be found; and only those who are not indifferent to these goods can be persuaded that the study of philosophy is not a waste of time.

Philosophy, like all other studies, aims primarily at knowledge. The knowledge it aims at is the kind of knowledge which gives unity and system to the body of the sciences, and the kind which results from a critical examination of the grounds of our convictions, prejudices, and beliefs. But it cannot be maintained that philosophy has had any very great measure of success in its attempts to provide definite answers to its questions. If you ask a mathematician, a mineralogist, a historian, or any other man of learning, what definite body of truths has been ascertained by his science, his answer will last as long as you are willing to listen. But if you put the same question to a philosopher, he will, if he is candid, have to confess that his study has not achieved positive results such as have been achieved by other sciences. It is true that this is partly accounted for by the fact that, as soon as definite knowledge concerning any subject becomes possible, this subject ceases to be called philosophy, and becomes a separate science. The whole study of the heavens, which now belongs to astronomy, was once included in philosophy; Newton's great work was called 'the mathematical principles of natural philosophy'. Similarly, the study of the human mind, which was, until very lately, a part of philosophy, has now been separated from philosophy and has become the

science of psychology. Thus, to a great extent, the uncertainty of philosophy is more apparent than real: those questions which are already capable of definite answers are placed in the sciences, while those only to which, at present, no definite answer can be given, remain to form the residue which is called philosophy.

This is, however, only a part of the truth concerning the uncertainty of philosophy. There are many questions—and among them those that are of the profoundest interest to our spiritual life—which, so far as we can see, must remain insoluble to the human intellect unless its powers become of quite a different order from what they are now. Has the universe any unity of plan or purpose, or is it a fortuitous concourse of atoms? Is consciousness a permanent part of the universe, giving hope of indefinite growth in wisdom, or is it a transitory accident on a small planet on which life must ultimately become impossible? Are good and evil of importance to the universe or only to man? Such questions are asked by philosophy, and variously answered by various philosophers. But it would seem that, whether answers be otherwise discoverable or not, the answers suggested by philosophy are none of them demonstrably true. Yet, however slight may be the hope of discovering an answer, it is part of the business of philosophy to continue the consideration of such questions, to make us aware of their importance, to examine all the approaches to them, and to keep alive that speculative interest in the universe which is apt to be killed by confining ourselves to definitely ascertainable knowledge.

Many philosophers, it is true, have held that philosophy could establish the truth of certain answers to such fundamental questions. They have supposed that what is of most importance in religious beliefs could be proved by strict demonstration to be true. In order to judge of such attempts,

it is necessary to take a survey of human knowledge, and to form an opinion as to its methods and its limitations. On such a subject it would be unwise to pronounce dogmatically; but we shall be compelled to renounce the hope of finding philosophical proofs of religious beliefs. We cannot, therefore, include as part of the value of philosophy any definite set of answers to such questions. Hence, once more, the value of philosophy must not depend upon any supposed body of definitely ascertainable knowledge to be acquired by those who study it.

The value of philosophy is, in fact, to be sought largely in its very uncertainty. The man who has no tincture of philosophy goes through life imprisoned in the prejudices derived from common sense, from the habitual beliefs of his age or his nation, and from convictions which have grown up in his mind without the co-operation or consent of his deliberate reason. To such a man the world tends to become definite, finite, obvious; common objects rouse no questions, and unfamiliar possibilities are contemptuously rejected. As soon as we begin to philosophize, on the contrary, we find that even the most everyday things lead to problems to which only very incomplete answers can be given. Philosophy, though unable to tell us with certainty what is the true answer to the doubts which it raises, is able to suggest many possibilities which enlarge our thoughts and free them from the tyranny of custom. Thus, while diminishing our feeling of certainty as to what things are, it greatly increases our knowledge as to what they may be; it removes the somewhat arrogant dogmatism of those who have never travelled into the region of liberating doubt, and it keeps alive our sense of wonder by showing familiar things in an unfamiliar aspect.

Apart from its utility in showing unsuspected possibilities, philosophy has a value—perhaps its chief value—through the greatness of the objects which it contemplates, and the

freedom from narrow and personal aims resulting from this contemplation. The life of the instinctive man is shut up within the circle of his private interests: family and friends may be included, but the outer world is not regarded except as it may help or hinder what comes within the circle of instinctive wishes. In such a life there is something feverish and confined, in comparison with which the philosophic life is calm and free. The private world of instinctive interests is a small one, set in the midst of a great and powerful world which must, sooner or later, lay our private world in ruins. Unless we can so enlarge our interests as to include the whole outer world, we remain like a garrison in a beleaguered fortress, knowing that the enemy prevents escape and that ultimate surrender is inevitable. In such a life there is no peace, but a constant strife between the insistence of desire and the powerlessness of will. In one way or another, if our life is to be great and free, we must escape this prison and this strife.

One way of escape is by philosophic contemplation. Philosophic contemplation does not, in its widest survey, divide the universe into two hostile camps—friends and foes, helpful and hostile, good and bad—it views the whole impartially. Philosophic contemplation, when it is unalloyed, does not aim at proving that the rest of the universe is akin to man. All acquisition of knowledge is an enlargement of the Self, but this enlargement is best attained when it is not directly sought. It is obtained when the desire for knowledge is alone operative, by a study which does not wish in advance that its objects should have this or that character, but adapts the Self to the characters which it finds in its objects. This enlargement of Self is not obtained when, taking the Self as it is, we try to show that the world is so similar to this Self that knowledge of it is possible without any admission of what seems alien. The desire to prove this is a form of self-

assertion, and like all self-assertion, it is an obstacle to the growth of Self which it desires, and of which the Self knows that it is capable. Self-assertion, in philosophic speculation as elsewhere, views the world as a means to its own ends; thus it makes the world of less account than Self, and the Self sets bounds to the greatness of its goods. In contemplation, on the contrary, we start from the not-Self, and through its greatness the boundaries of Self are enlarged; through the infinity of the universe the mind which contemplates it achieves some share in infinity.

For this reason greatness of soul is not fostered by those philosophies which assimilate the universe to Man. Knowledge is a form of union of Self and not-Self; like all union, it is impaired by dominion, and therefore by any attempt to force the universe into conformity with what we find in ourselves. There is a widespread philosophical tendency towards the view which tells us that man is the measure of all things, that truth is man-made, that space and time and the world of universals are properties of the mind, and that, if there be anything not created by the mind, it is unknowable and of no account for us. This view, if our previous discussions were correct, is untrue; but in addition to being untrue, it has the effect of robbing philosophic contemplation of all that gives it value, since it fetters contemplation to Self. What it calls knowledge is not a union with the not-Self, but a set of prejudices, habits, and desires, making an impenetrable veil between us and the world beyond. The man who finds pleasure in such a theory of knowledge is like the man who never leaves the domestic circle for fear his word might not be law.

The true philosophic contemplation, on the contrary, finds its satisfaction in every enlargement of the not-Self, in everything that magnifies the objects contemplated, and thereby the subject contemplating. Everything, in contem-

plation, that is personal or private, everything that depends upon habit, self-interest, or desire, distorts the object, and hence impairs the union which the intellect seeks. By thus making a barrier between subject and object, such personal and private things become a prison to the intellect. The free intellect will see as God might see, without a *here* and *now*, without hopes and fears, without the trammels of customary beliefs and traditional prejudices, calmly, dispassionately, in the sole and exclusive desire of knowledge—knowledge as impersonal, as purely contemplative, as it is possible for man to attain. Hence also the free intellect will value more the abstract and universal knowledge into which the accidents of private history do not enter, than the knowledge brought by the senses, and dependent, as such knowledge must be, upon an exclusive and personal point of view and a body whose sense-organs distort as much as they reveal.

The mind which has become accustomed to the freedom and impartiality of philosophic contemplation will preserve something of the same freedom and impartiality in the world of action and emotion. It will view its purposes and desires as parts of the whole, with the absence of insistence that results from seeing them as infinitesimal fragments in a world of which all the rest is unaffected by any one man's deeds. The impartiality which, in contemplation, is the unalloyed desire for truth, is the very same quality of mind which, in action, is justice, and in emotion is that universal love which can be given to all, and not only to those who are judged useful or admirable. Thus contemplation enlarges not only the objects of our thoughts, but also the objects of our actions and our affections: it makes us citizens of the universe, not only of one walled city at war with all the rest. In this citizenship of the universe consists man's true freedom, and his liberation from the thralldom of narrow hopes and fears.

Thus, to sum up our discussion of the value of philosophy: Philosophy is to be studied, not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can, as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our conception of what is possible, enrich our intellectual imagination and diminish the dogmatic assurance which closes the mind against speculation; but above all because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good.

V

A CRITICAL CREDO

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

It is a waste and weary labour to open up again the old question of reviewing and criticism. On the one hand, there should be no distinction between them; the reviewer's business is to criticize the book before him. But too often in practice the reviewer is expected to compile a library list for the average unintelligent reader. On the other hand, economic necessity nowadays compels the critic to become a reviewer. So that the valuable modern distinction is not so much the distinction between the critic and the reviewer, which the impossibilists frequently urge, as that between the critic-reviewer and the puff-reviewer. We must leave out the puff-reviewer. God will reward him as surely as his employer does.

Speaking of criticism, Remy de Gourmont said that 'the whole effort of a sincere man is to erect his personal impressions into laws.' That is the motto of a true criticism, conscious of its limitations and its strength. The emphasis falls even more decidedly upon the law-making than upon the personal basis of the impressions, for that is inevitable. The man who is content to record his own impressions, without making an effort to stabilize them in the form of laws, whatever he is, is not a critic. A law or rule, or rather a system of laws or rules, is necessary to the critic; it is a record of all his past impressions and reactions; but it must be his own law, his own system, refined by his own effort out

of his own experience. Otherwise he is a pedant and not a critic.

The function of criticism is, therefore, primarily the function of literature itself, to provide a means of self-expression for the critic. He begins like any other writer, with the conviction (which may, of course, be an illusion) that his views and conclusions on the subject-matter, which is literature, are of importance in themselves and to others; and he proceeds to promulgate and propagate them. Like any other writer, he stands or falls in the long run, by the closer or more remote approximation of his views to the common experience of that comparatively small fraction of the human race which itself comes to conclusions about life and literature, which is the concentrated record of life. As Dr. Johnson said:

‘Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of human nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can repose only on the stability of truth.’

The critic stands or falls by the stability of his truth, and necessarily by his skill in communicating his truth.

That the critic has to interest his readers is true, but in exactly the same sense as it is true that every writer has to interest his readers. He does not have to aim at being more interesting than other writers. This is one of the prime heresies of modern criticism. Its adherents appear to hold that a critical article is a kind of knockabout turn. Unless the critic is turning a somersault in every paragraph and making a grimace in every sentence, he is dull. Another, and more persuasive, heresy is that it is the critic’s business to

make the best of a bad book by picking out the one or two plums that have wandered into the wilderness of dough. A critic, argue its adherents, has to communicate 'gusto' to his readers, no matter what the quality of the book he is writing about. These seem to me to be pure heresies, and the critics who embrace them will surely be forgotten.

Criticism is a particular art of literature. It is possible not to like the art, and possible for the critic to regret that his art is not liked. But it is not, or ought not to be, possible for a critic to play the traitor to his art in order to get a bigger audience for his raree-show. Because a sculptor knows that sculpture is not popular, he does not paint moustaches on his figures or plant billycock hats on the top of their heads. The critic's business is to express himself by expressing his opinion on the work of literature before him. He has therefore to make sure that his opinion is his true opinion; he has to safeguard himself against accidental and temporary disturbances of his sensibility. Hence the need for a system of principles, refined out of his more constant reactions, to control momentary enthusiasms and passing dis gusts.

Moreover, he is concerned to elucidate the significance of the work before him, for his verdict is a verdict as to significance. A work of literature may possess significance of various kinds; it may have historical, ethical, or æsthetic significance; that is, it may have importance at a particular phase of the human consciousness, or it may be valuable as expressing a particular attitude towards human life, or it may have more or less of a certain kind of artistic perfection which compels a peculiar artistic emotion in the reader. A work may have significance of one of these kinds, or all of them, or any combination of them. A critic is bound to have a predisposition towards one of these kinds of significance; he will be predominantly a historian, like Sainte-Beuve, a moralist like Matthew Arnold, or a technician like

Dr. Bridges. He ought to be aware of his predisposition and alert to prevent it from running away with him. A perfect critic would combine all these predispositions in equal parts, but perfect critics are at least as rare as perfect writers. It is as much as one can ask that a critic should try to correct his predisposition by training his appreciation of other kinds.

Once criticism is accepted as an independent literary art, there need be no heart-searching among critics because they have so little practical influence on the sale of books. That is the fact in England at any rate. It is a hundred times more profitable to an author for the *Daily Mail* to declare 'This book will be a success,' than for the best critic on the *Times Literary Supplement* to give exact and convincing reasons why the book ought to be a success. Critical articles and essays are read for themselves; at their best they are perfectly self-contained; they do not demand that the reader should dash out and purchase the books which they discuss, and as often as not they are read with the greatest interest by those who are themselves profoundly familiar with the subject already.

Putting a valuation upon new books is perhaps the least valuable, as it is certainly the most dangerous, part of criticism. It is almost impossible for a literary critic to be really sincere in dealing with contemporary production. It is as difficult for him to tell the truth about the bad work of men who have done good work, as to tell the truth about the good work of men who have done bad. In the first case his hand is checked by fear of doing harm, in the second by the fear of doing good. Again, it is intolerable to be severe to a well-meaning beginner, although a critic knows that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. There are too many thorns in the path of criticism of contemporaries. For we have not even mentioned the personal resentment too often cherished by our victims. The dangers of log-rolling are at

mutual suffery.

least equalled by the dangers of revenge. A successful author, however much he may be dubious of the genuineness of his own powers, cannot help believing that his success is somehow due to his merits; he is bound to persuade himself that a slating is the expression of some personal hostility. ^c

Unfortunately, few critics are in the happy position of being able to write about contemporaries only when they can sincerely praise them. For the most part they have to conform to the exigencies of reviewing, to write on texts they could not choose, to consider susceptibilities that are an obstacle to their free expression. No doubt the English tradition of anonymity is a defence against some of these evils. But it leaves the door open to other worse ones. A critic does not care to hide behind the editorial 'we' when he attacks a writer; nor, on the other hand, is it good for him to be compelled always to hide his light under a bushel. A good criticism is as much a work of art as a good poem; its author deserves his reward in reputation as well as money. Besides, if his readers are not permitted to distinguish his work they cannot follow the sequence and evolution of his ideas. A critic cannot be always enunciating his principles. What looks like the veriest dogmatism in an isolated review may, if put into relation to other utterances, be seen to have a convincing scheme of values behind it.

Criticism is an art. It has its own technique. Ideally, at least, this technique would have its different perfection for each several critic. But we may outline so much of the method as seems to be essential to the most important kind of criticism, appreciation.

First, the critic should endeavour to convey the whole effect of the work he is criticizing, its peculiar uniqueness. Second, to work back and define the unique quality of the sensibility which necessitated this expression. Third, to establish the determining causes of this sensibility. (Here the

relevant circumstances of the writer's life have their proper place.) Fourth, to analyse the means by which this sensibility was given expression, in other words, to conduct a technical examination into the style. Fifth, a still closer examination of a perfectly characteristic passage, that is, a passage in which the author's sensibility is completely expressed. This fifth and final movement is really a return to the first, but with the important difference that the relevant material has been ordered and placed before the reader.

The various phases in this symphonic movement of an ideal criticism may, of course, be ordered quite differently. The historical or the ethical critic will enlarge more on the nature of the sensibility, its value in itself and its relation to other types of sensibility; he will pay little or no attention to the means by which this sensibility is expressed. He will not be a whit the worse critic for that, but he will be a less *literary* critic. On the other hand, the critic who is unable to adjudicate between the values of the various kinds of sensibility has no means of distinguishing between great art and perfect art. That judgment is essential to a true criticism, in spite of (or rather in virtue of) the fact that it is in the last resort an ethical judgment.

We need not worry ourselves about the function of criticism any more than we worry about the function of poetry. Both are arts; both have to give delight; both have to give the delights which are proper to themselves as arts. If it gives this delight criticism is creative, for it enables the reader to discover beauties and significances which he had not seen, or to see those which he had himself glimpsed in a new and revealing light. What, I think, we may reasonably ask is that criticism should be less timid; that it should openly accept the fact that its final judgments are moral. A critic should be conscious of his moral assumptions and take pains to put into them the highest morality of which he is capable. That is

only another way of saying that the critic should be conscious of himself as an artist. He should be aware of the responsibilities imposed by his art; he should respect the technique of his craft. He should not be cheap, he should not be shallow, he should not be insincere, either in praise or blame, but above all in these modern times, he should not be insincere in praise.

STANDARDS OF LEARNING

I

THE HABIT OF READING

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

‘ALL habits are bad.’ So declared an unknown aphorist, and though a grain of truth may often be discovered lurking in a magnum of error, it is perhaps as well that the name of this dogmatic gentleman should not be known, for his aphorism flies in the face—as is, indeed, very much the habit of these sayings—of another and a more famous aphorism that declares ‘Habit to be a second nature’. Beware of paradoxes! They tickle. But so do straws. Truths never tickle. ‘All habits are bad’ is a paradoxical saying, ‘Habit is a second nature’ a true one.

That some habits are bad must be admitted—drug-taking, for example. And as it is not easy to distinguish generally between good habits and bad ones, I at once boldly ask this question: is it wise or foolish for a young fellow, anxious ‘to cleanse his way’, to set about forming the fixed habit of reading?

Is it not possible—though hardly probable—that having once formed this habit of reading it may so grow upon its victim as to bring down the full weight of the dread Miltonic censure, for which room had to be found in the almost-inspired pages of *Paradise Regained*:

Many books
Wise men have said are wearisom; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and a judgment equal or superior

—*And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek—*
Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains
Deep verst in books and shallow in himself.

Really this sublime Milton of ours goes too far in this parenthesis of his, '*And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek,*' for was not this Lord Foppington's excuse for never reading anything at all, being well satisfied, so he declared, 'with the sprouts of his own brain?'—and yet, I am sure, Milton would never have tolerated his lordship for two minutes.

Happily, however, there is no need for me to dive into this controversy, for I have nothing else on my mind but to urge upon my juniors in their laudable pursuit of pleasure, and with a view to the possible length of their days, early to form the habit—and it is a habit as much as smoking a pipe—of reading all sorts of books, long books and short ones, poetry and prose, novels old as well as new, biographies, histories, science, what you will! I say nothing against bridge or any other game of cards. Billiards is a noble pursuit. Before a chessboard I uncover as in the presence of royalty. To dominoes I was once much addicted, though now I play no more, death having robbed me of my rival. Whilst as for the sports of the field they need no advocacy. All these habits are easily formed and seldom willingly abandoned. It is hardly so with the habit of reading, for, strange to say, even when once acquired it is easily lost. How many men turned forty read anything save their newspaper! Once they may have had the habit, but, if so, they have lost it. What a melancholy picture is that of an aged and once literate statesman—on the retired list—wandering up and down his magnificent library, muttering miserably to himself, 'I can no longer read.'

First, then, my advice is—form the habit of reading, and, having formed it, stick to it. All habits are not bad, and some

are of the very salt of life. What a glimpse into the dark abyss of melancholia is afforded by that chance remark of Balzac's in *Le Cousin Pons*, 'Many a man on the brink of suicide has been plucked back on the threshold of death by the thought of the café where he plays his nightly game of dominoes.' What a cheerful, friendly, life-sustaining habit! How right I was to be fond of dominoes! Yet regarding life as a whole, as something to be endured and if possible enjoyed, from its beginning to its may be solitary end, from *Robinson Crusoe* to *The Three Musketeers*, from *The Three Musketeers* to *War and Peace*, I am certain that there is no greater gift of fortune than to have acquired and retained the power to 'go back to one's book' with eagerness and joy.

How is this habit to be acquired?

The first step is to breed an easy familiarity with the out-sides of books, and to feel comfortable in their company as an ostler amongst horses. *Stableman at work.*

How is this familiarity to be obtained?

The run of a large library is almost essential, and in these days, when really fine libraries are to be found in all quarters of the town, this is not very difficult. To get to know the books as they stand on their shelves is a pleasant increase of one's acquaintances. That is Walpole in Peter Cunningham's nine volumes, there is Gibbon in twelve (for he cannot be read in less). That long, dusty series must be *The Annual Register*. There surely is Boswell in Dr. Hill's six volumes, and Johnson's own works in either nine or twelve. How many volumes does Fielding occupy, how many Richardson, and how many Sterne? These, believe me, are not foolish questions. As the Alpine expert can pick out his peaks from the terrace at Berne, so the book-lover, on entering a library, even a municipal library, finds himself at home.

The book-reader, as he grows in maturity, is not likely to be altogether content with municipal libraries, but it is not

given to many of us to possess thirty thousand volumes, and most of us find it difficult to stow away even five thousand in the home for heroes where we are condemned to live. But the familiarity of which I have been writing, though only to be gained from access to large libraries, and the study of second-hand booksellers' catalogues and the run of their shops, in no way leads to discontent with the few volumes we happen to possess of our very own. No sensible man envies the Bodleian, or wishes that the catalogue of his library should be in a hundred volumes.

To repeat my point, the habit of reading, if it is to become so confirmed as to bid defiance to the crust of middle age, is best fostered and stimulated by cultivating in as many ways as possible an extreme familiarity with both the outsides and the title-pages of good books. I have known men of university breeding who are positively as uneasy in the presence of a book as Mr. Gladstone used to be in the company of a Nonconformist minister of religion. I am not blaming them, for they may possess other and equally enduring tastes, but I am only concerned to make out that amongst men's habits, the habit of reading, if persisted in to the end, is one of the most pleasure-giving, and is—probably—the most lasting.

The next step to take, after establishing a certain measure of easy familiarity with books as *things*, like the ace of clubs or the king of diamonds, is to gratify your natural tastes by setting yourself more or less diligently and day by day to read what you like best. Never force your taste, but feed it. Even reading what you like best after such a fashion as to form an enduring habit demands an effort of the will and an occasional forced discipline. It is easy to lay down a book half read and to forget to take it up again, and this is all the easier when there is no particular occasion ever to take it up again, for I am not thinking of any such pursuit as 'reading

for an examination', but of reading for the pleasure of reading and nothing else.

It is amazing how this habit of reading for pleasure slips clean out of people's lives. It often seems completely forgotten. The books may be on the shelves, but they are seldom taken down, and they remain unexercised. Sometimes they are not on the shelves at all, and then what a cruel fate it is for any child to be born within those bookless walls.

How shocking it would have been to come into a house which did not contain *The Essays of Elia*, or the novels of Scott and Dickens! Yet even as it is, when cheap and excellent reprints abound and household libraries are enormously improved, the habit of reading for pleasure is by no means general.

This habit once formed, and so formed as to become 'a second nature', secures that the path through life, however narrow and stony and unromantic in its surroundings, often becomes pleasant and at times exciting. The bank clerk with a good book awaiting him in his rooms walks home after dining in Soho with a light step and shuts the door behind him with a bang. Has he not *Phineas Finn* to finish? Or is he not in the middle of Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*? One good book leads to another, and opens out new vistas of endless enjoyment. Is it not worth while to learn French in order to read Dumas, Balzac, and Anatole France, to say nothing of hundreds of other delightful French books in every branch of human intelligence?

It never does to ride a hobby too hard. An overdrawn banking account, a solitary hearthstone, a silenced, childish voice on the staircase—these are things not to be robbed of their sting by all the best books in the universe. The love of reading is no dope or drug to buy oblivion or to shut down the fountain of tears, but even in grief it may hold out a helping hand, and, as we put it, roughly but not unfeelingly, 'pull us through' our troubles.

Why, then, should we neglect this source of comfort and enjoyment? By never forming this habit, or by allowing it to die down at forty and drop out of life, we are exposing ourselves unnecessarily to hours of boredom, *ennui*, and depression. As we grow older it is not much that life has to offer us. 'My grief lies onward and my joy behind,' is one of the many sad lines in Shakespeare's sonnets, but it is one most of us are forced to repeat every day, either with a grim smile or a barely concealed tear.

A reading man can always find something to read, for even good books in your own line are often mysteriously overlooked for years. You knew about them, but, somehow, you had never read them. I have just finished reading for the first time one of the most interesting of English biographies in two stout volumes. I have been long familiar with their outsides in libraries and bookshops, but until the other day, when I bought a copy coming from the library of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, I had never held them in my hands. I am referring to the well-known life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Leslie, R. A., and Tom Taylor, published in 1865. The book covers familiar ground, and told me over again some of the best-known stories of the England of the eighteenth century—stories of Johnson and Burke and Gibbon, of Goldsmith, of Garrick and Wilkes, etc. But in the background of the picture was the figure of the mild but pleasure-loving painter, the most 'invulnerable' of men, and all the old stories gathered a new lustre. What a record it is of a painter's life! What a list of great pictures, and of generations of fair women both as children and as mothers! Sir Joshua's sitters—his soldiers, his sailors, his poets, his actors, his statesmen, his fair and frail beauties, are by themselves a dictionary of national biography. Then his dinner-parties! It would be a pleasant employment for two or three evenings to go through the two volumes and make out a list of his

dinner-parties, and of the men and women with whom he sat at meat—the best company that ever met in England.

I don't know that I have ever enjoyed a book more, which is a good deal for a septuagenarian to admit.

And now, having formed this habit of reading, how is it to be retained past middle age when we are so apt, like Eton boys, 'to grow heavy'? Herein I fear the patient must minister to himself, yet it may be worth while inquiring why we should run this risk in the middle passage of our lives. What is the philosophy of it? Why should there be this deadening of the soul? Perhaps only a poet can tell us. Listen then to Matthew Arnold:

Dear saints, it is not sorrow as I hear,
Nor suffering that shuts up eye and ear
To all which has delighted them before,
And let us be what we were once no more
No! we may suffer deeply, yet retain
Power to be moved and soothed for all our pain
By what of old pleased us, and will again.
No! 'Tis the gradual furnace of the world,
In whose hot air our spirits are unfurl'd
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel,
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring,
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel
But takes away the power—this can avail
By drying up our joy in everything,
To make our former pleasures all seem stale.

II

A NOBLE FELLOWSHIP

BY JOHN RUSKIN

GRANTING that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience but to gain it,—in

those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves;—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay, that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good

ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor, in the real sense, to be 'read'.

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his

voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, ‘This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.’ That is his ‘writing’; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a ‘Book’.

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man’s work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that,—that what

you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

‘The place you desire,’ and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question: ‘Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence.’

III

BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME

BY R. L. STEVENSON

craftily, subtly.

THE editor has somewhat insidiously laid a trap for his correspondents, the question put appearing at first so innocent, truly cutting so deep. It is not, indeed, until after some reconnaissance and review that the writer awakes to find himself engaged upon something in the nature of autobiography, or, perhaps worse, upon a chapter in the life of that little, beautiful brother whom we once all had, and whom we have all lost and mourned, the man we ought to have been, the man we hoped to be. But when word has been passed (even to an editor), it should, if possible, be kept; and if sometimes I am wise and say too little, and sometimes weak and say too much, the blame must lie at the door of the person who entrapped me.

The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. They do not pin the reader to a dogma, which he must afterwards discover to be inexact; they do not teach him a lesson, which he must afterwards unlearn. They repeat, they rearrange, they clarify the lessons of life; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others; and they show us the web of experience, not as we can see it for ourselves, but with a singular change—that monstrous, consuming *ego* of ours being, for the nonce, struck out. To be so, they must be reasonably true to the human comedy; and any work that is so serves the turn of instruction. But the course of our education is answered

best by those poems and romances where we breathe a magnanimous atmosphere of thought and meet generous and pious characters. Shakespeare has served me best. Few living friends have had upon me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet or Rosalind. The last character, already well beloved in the reading, I had the good fortune to see, I must think, in an impressionable hour, played by Mrs. Scott Siddons. Nothing has ever more moved, more delighted, more refreshed me; nor has the influence quite passed away. Kent's brief speech over the dying Lear had a great effect upon my mind, and was the burthen of my reflections for long, so profoundly, so touchingly generous did it appear in sense, so overpowering in expression. Perhaps my dearest and best friend outside of Shakespeare is D'Artagnan—the elderly D'Artagnan of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. I know not a more human soul, nor, in his way, a finer; I shall be very sorry for the man who is so much of a pedant in morals that he cannot learn from the Captain of Musketeers. Lastly, I must name the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book that breathes of every beautiful and valuable emotion.

But of works of art little can be said; their influence is profound and silent, like the influence of nature; they mould by contact; we drink them up like water, and are bettered, yet know not how. It is in books more specifically didactic that we can follow out the effect, and distinguish and weigh and compare. A book which has been very influential upon me fell early into my hands, and so may stand first, though I think its influence was only sensible later on, and perhaps still keeps growing, for it is a book not easily outlived: the *Essais* of Montaigne. That temperate and genial picture of life is a great gift to place in the hands of persons of today; they will find in these smiling pages a magazine of heroism and wisdom, all of an antique strain; they will have their 'linen decencies' and excited orthodoxies fluttered, and will (if they have any gift of reading) perceive that these have not

been fluttered without some excuse and ground of reason; and (again if they have any gift of reading) they will end by seeing that this old gentleman was in a dozen ways a finer fellow, and held in a dozen ways a nobler view of life, than they or their contemporaries.

The next book, in order of time, to influence me, was the New Testament, and in particular the Gospel according to St. Matthew. I believe it would startle and move anyone if they could make a certain effort of imagination and read it freshly like a book, not droningly and dully like a portion of the Bible. Anyone would then be able to see in it those truths which we are all courteously supposed to know and all modestly refrain from applying. But upon this subject it is perhaps better to be silent.

I come next to Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, a book of singular service, a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues. But it is, once more, only a book for those who have the gift of reading. I will be very frank—I believe it is so with all good books except, perhaps, fiction. The average man lives, and must live, so wholly in convention, that gunpowder charges of the truth are more apt to discompose than to invigorate his creed. Either he cries out upon blasphemy and indecency, and crouches the closer round that little idol of part-truths and part-conveniences which is the contemporary deity, or he is convinced by what is new, forgets what is old, and becomes truly blasphemous and indecent himself. New truth is only useful to supplement the old; rough truth is only wanted to expand, not to destroy, our civil and often elegant conventions. He who cannot judge had better stick to fiction and the daily papers. There he will get little harm, and, in the first at least, some good.

Close upon the back of my discovery of Whitman, I came under the influence of Herbert Spencer. No more persuasive rabbi exists, and few better. How much of his vast structure will bear the touch of time, how much is clay and how much brass, it were too curious to inquire. But his words, if dry, are always manly and honest; there dwells in his pages a spirit of highly abstract joy, plucked naked like an algebraic symbol but still joyful: and the reader will find there a *caput mortuum* of piety, with little indeed of its loveliness, but with most of its essentials; and these two qualities make him a wholesome, as his intellectual vigour makes him a bracing, writer. I should be much of a hound if I lost my gratitude to Herbert Spencer.

Goethe's Life, by Lewes, had a great importance for me when it first fell into my hands—a strange instance of the partiality of man's good and man's evil. I know no one whom I less admire than Goethe; he seems a very epitome of the sins of genius, breaking open the doors of private life, and wantonly wounding friends, in that crowning offence of *Werther*, and in his own character a mere pen-and-ink Napoleon, conscious of the rights and duties of superior talents as a Spanish inquisitor was conscious of the rights and duties of his office. And yet in his fine devotion to his art, in his honest and serviceable friendship for Schiller, what lessons are contained! Biography, usually so false to its office, does here for once perform for us some of the work of fiction, reminding us, that is, of the truly mingled tissue of man's nature, and how huge faults and shining virtues cohabit and persevere in the same character. History serves us well to this effect, but in the originals, not in the pages of the popular epitomizer, who is bound, by the very nature of his task, to make us feel the difference of epochs instead of the essential identity of man, and even in the originals only to those who can recognize their own human virtues and

defects in strange forms, often inverted and under strange names, often interchanged. Martial is a poet of no good repute, and it gives a man new thoughts to read his works dispassionately, and find in this unseemly jester's serious passages the image of a kind, wise, and self-respecting gentleman. It is customary, I suppose, in reading Martial, to leave out these pleasant verses; I never heard of them, at least, until I found them for myself; and this partiality is one among a thousand things that help to build up our distorted and hysterical conception of the great Roman Empire.

This brings us by a natural transition to a very noble book—the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius. The dispassionate gravity, the noble forgetfulness of self, the tenderness of others, that are there expressed and were practised on so great a scale in the life of its writer, make this book a book quite by itself. No one can read it and not be moved. Yet it scarcely or rarely appeals to the feelings—those very mobile, those not very trusty parts of man. Its address lies further back: its lesson comes more deeply home; when you have read, you carry away with you a memory of the man himself; it is as though you had touched a loyal hand, looked into brave eyes, and made a noble friend; there is another bond on you thenceforward, binding you to life and to the love of virtue.

Wordsworth should perhaps come next. Everyone has been influenced by Wordsworth, and it is hard to tell precisely how. A certain innocence, a rugged austerity of joy, a sight of the stars, 'the silence that is in the lonely hills', something of the cold thrill of dawn, cling to his work and give it a particular address to what is best in us. I do not know that you learn a lesson; you need not—Mill did not—agree with any one of his beliefs; and yet the spell is cast. Such are the best teachers; a dogma learned is only a new error—the old one was perhaps as good; but a spirit communicated is a perpetual possession. These best teachers climb beyond

teaching to the plane of art; it is themselves, and what is best in themselves, that they communicate.

I should never forgive myself if I forgot *The Egoist*. It is art, if you like, but it belongs purely to didactic art, and from all the novels I have read (and I have read thousands) stands in a place by itself. Here is a Nathan for the modern David; here is a book to send the blood into men's faces. Satire, the angry picture of human faults, is not great art; we can all be angry with our neighbour; what we want is to be shown, not his defects, of which we are too conscious, but his merits, to which we are too blind. And *The Egoist* is a satire; so much must be allowed; but it is a satire of a singular quality, which tells you nothing of that obvious mote, which is engaged from first to last with that invisible beam. It is yourself that is hunted down; these are your own faults that are dragged into the day and numbered, with lingering relish, with cruel cunning and precision. A young friend of Mr. Meredith's (as I have the story) came to him in an agony. 'This is too bad of you,' he cried; 'Willoughby is me!' 'No, my dear fellow,' said the author; 'he is all of us.' I have read *The Egoist* five or six times myself, and I mean to read it again; for I am like the young friend of the anecdote—I think Willoughby an unmanly but a very serviceable exposure of myself.

I suppose, when I am done, I shall find that I have forgotten much that was most influential, as I see already I have forgotten Thoreau, and Hazlitt, whose paper 'On the Spirit of Obligations' was a turning-point in my life, and Penn, whose little book of aphorisms had a brief but strong effect on me, and Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, wherein I learned for the first time the proper attitude of any rational man to his country's laws—a secret found, and kept, in the Asiatic islands. That I should commemorate all is more than I can hope or the editor could ask. It will be more to the point,

after having said so much upon improving books, to say a word or two about the improvable reader. The gift of reading, as I have called it, is not very common, nor very generally understood. It consists, first of all, in a vast intellectual endowment—a free grace, I find I must call it—by which a man rises to understand that he is not punctually right, nor those from whom he differs absolutely wrong. He may hold dogmas; he may hold them passionately; and he may know that others hold them but coldly, or hold them differently, or hold them not at all. Well, if he has the gift of reading, these others will be full of meat for him. They will see the other side of propositions and the other side of virtues. He need not change his dogma for that, but he may change his reading of that dogma, and he must supplement and correct his deductions from it. A human truth, which is always very much a lie, hides as much of life as it displays. It is men who hold another truth, or, as it seems to us, perhaps, a dangerous lie, who can extend our restricted field of knowledge, and rouse our drowsy consciences. Something that seems quite new, or that seems insolently false or very dangerous, is the test of a reader. If he tries to see what it means, what truth excuses it, he has the gift, and let him read. If he is merely hurt, or offended, or exclaims upon his author's folly, he had better take to the daily papers; he will never be a reader.

And here, with the aptest illustrative force, after I have laid down my part-truth, I must step in with its opposite. For, after all, we are vessels of a very limited content. Not all men can read all books; it is only in a chosen few that any man will find his appointed food; and the fittest lessons are the most palatable, and make themselves welcome to the mind. A writer learns this early, and it is his chief support; he goes on unafraid, laying down the law; and he is sure at heart that most of what he says is demonstrably false, and

much of a mingled strain, and some hurtful, and very little good for service; but he is sure besides that when his words fall into the hands of any genuine reader, they will be weighed and winnowed, and only that which suits will be assimilated; and when they fall into the hands of one who cannot intelligently read, they come there quite silent and inarticulate, falling upon deaf ears, and his secret is kept as if he had not written.

IV

EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES

BY JOHN BROWN

ONE of the chief sins of our time is hurry: it is helter-skelter, and devil take the hindmost. Off we go all too swift at starting, and we neither run so fast nor so far as we would have done, had we taken it *cannily* at first. This is true of a boy as well as of a blood colt. Not only are boys and colts made to do the work and the running of full-grown men and horses, but they are hurried out of themselves and their *now*, and pushed into the middle of next week where nobody is wanting them, and beyond which they frequently never get.

The main duty of those who care for the young is to secure their wholesome, their entire growth, for health is just the development of the whole nature in its due sequences and proportions: first the blade—then the ear—then, and not till then, the full corn in the ear; and thus, as Dr. Temple wisely says, ‘not to forget wisdom in teaching knowledge’. If the blade be forced, and usurp the capital it inherits; if it be robbed by you its guardian of its birthright, or squandered like a spendthrift, then there is not any ear, much less any corn; if the blade be blasted or dwarfed in our haste and greed for the full shock and its price, we spoil all three. It is not easy to keep this always before one’s mind, that the young ‘idea’ is in a young body, and that healthy growth and harmless passing of the time are more to be cared for than what is vainly called accomplishment. We are preparing him to run his race, and accomplish *that* which is one of his chief

ends; but we are too apt to start him off at his full speed, and he either bolts or breaks down—the worst thing for him generally being to win. In this way a child or boy should be regarded much more as a mean than as an end, and his cultivation should have reference to this; his mind, as old Montaigne said, should be forged, as well as—indeed, I would say, rather than—furnished, fed rather than filled,—two not always coincident conditions. Now exercise—the joy of interest, of origination, of activity, of excitement—the play of the faculties,—this is the true life of a boy, not the accumulation of mere words. Words—the coin of thought—unless as the means of buying something else, are just as useless as other coin when it is hoarded; and it is as silly, and in the true sense as much the part and lot of a *miser*, to amass words for their own sakes, as to keep all your guineas in a stocking and never spend them, but be satisfied with every now and then looking greedily at them and making them chink. Therefore it is that I dislike—as indeed who doesn't?—the cramming system. The great thing with knowledge and the young is to secure that it shall be their own—that it be not merely external to their inner and real self, but shall go *in succum et sanguinem*;¹ and therefore it is, that the self-teaching that a baby and a child give themselves remains with them for ever—it is of their essence, whereas what is given them *ab extra*, especially if it be received mechanically, without relish, and without any energizing of the entire nature, remains pitifully useless and *wersh*.² Try, therefore, always to get the resident teacher *inside the skin*, and who is for ever giving his lessons, to help you and be on your side.

Now in children, as we all know, *he* works chiefly through the senses. The quantity of accurate observation—of induc-

¹ *in succum et sanguinem*, = Lat. lit. 'into their sap and blood', i.e. into their strength and life.

² *wersh*, Scot. dialect = insipid, tasteless

tion, and of deduction too (both of a much better quality than most of Mr. Buckle's); of reasoning from the known to the unknown; of inferring; the nicety of appreciation of the like and the unlike, the common and the rare, the odd and the even; the skill of the rough and the smooth—of form, of appearance, of texture, of weight, of all the minute and deep philosophies of the touch and of the other senses,—the amount of this sort of objective knowledge which every child of eight years has acquired—especially if he can play in the lap of nature and out of doors—and acquired for life, is, if we could only think of it, marvellous beyond any of our mightiest marches of intellect. Now, could we only get the knowledge of the school to go as sweetly and deeply and clearly into the vitals of the mind as this self-teaching has done, and this is the paradisiac way of it, we should make the young mind grow as well as learn, and be in understanding a man as well as in simplicity a child; we should get rid of much of that dreary, sheer endurance of their school-hours, that stolid lending of ears that do not hear, that objectless looking without ever once seeing, and straining their minds without an aim; alternating, it may be, with some feats of dexterity and effort, like a man trying to lift himself in his own arms, or take his head in his teeth, exploits as dangerous, as ungraceful, and as useless, except to glorify the showman and bring wages in, as the feats of an acrobat.

But you will ask, how is all this to be avoided if everybody must know how far the sun is from *Georgium Sidus*,¹ and how much of phosphorus is in our bones, and of ptyalin and flint in human spittle—besides some 10,000 times 10,000 other things which we must be told and try to remember, and which we cannot prove not to be true, but which I decline to say we *know*.

¹ *Georgium Sidus* = the planet Uranus, first named after George III, by Sir W. Herschel in 1781.

But *is* it necessary that everybody should know everything? Is it not much more to the purpose for every man, when his turn comes, to be able to *do* something; and I say, that other things being equal, a boy who goes bird-nesting and makes a collection of eggs, and knows all their colours and spots, going through the excitements and glories of getting them, and observing everything with a keenness, an intensity, an exactness, and a permanency, which only youth and a quick pulse, and fresh blood and spirits combined, can achieve,—a boy who teaches himself natural history in this way, is not only a healthier and happier boy, but is abler in mind and body for entering upon the great game of life, than the pale, nervous, bright-eyed, feverish, ‘interesting’ boy, with a big head and thin legs, who is the ‘captain’, the miracle of the school; *dux* for his brief year or two of glory, and, *if he live*, booby for life. I am, of course, not going in for a complete *curriculum* of general ignorance; but I am for calling the attention of teachers to drawing out the minds, the energies, the hearts of their pupils through their senses, as well as pouring in through these same apertures the general knowledge of mankind, the capital of the race, into this one small being, who it is to be hoped will contrive to forget much of the mere words he has unhappily learned.

For we may say of our time in all seriousness, what Sydney Smith said in the fullness of his wisdom and his fun, of the pantologic master of Trinity—Science is our *forte*; omniscience is our *foible*. There is the seed of a whole treatise, a whole organon in this joke; think over it, and let it simmer in your mind, and you will feel its significance and its power. Now, what is *science* so called to every 999 men in 1000, but something that the one man tells them he has been told by someone else—who may be one among say 50000—is true, but of the truth of which these 999 men (and probably even the teaching thousandth man) can have no direct test, and,

accordingly, for the truth or falsehood of which they, by a law of their nature, which rejects what has no savour and is superfluous, don't care one fig. How much better, how much dearer, and more precious in a double sense, because it has been brought by themselves,—how much nobler is the knowledge which our little friend, young Edward Forbes, 'that marvellous boy', for instance—and what an instance!—is picking up, as he looks into everything he sees, and takes photographs upon his retina—the *camera lucida*¹ of his mind—which never fade, of every midge that washes its face as a cat does, and preens its wings, every lady-bird that alights on his knee, and folds and unfolds her gauzy pinions under their spotted and glorious lids. How more real is not only this knowledge, but this little knowledger in his entire nature, than the poor being who can maunder amazingly the entire circle of human science at second, or it may be, twentieth hand!

There are some admirable, though cursory remarks on 'Ornithology as a Branch of Liberal Education', by the late Dr. Adams of Banchory, the great Greek scholar, in a pamphlet bearing this title, which he read as a paper before the last meeting of the British Association in Aberdeen. It is not only interesting as a piece of natural history, and a touching co-operation of father and son in the same field—the one on the banks of his own beautiful Dee and among the wilds of the Grampians, the other among the Himalayas and the forests of Cashmere; the son having been enabled, by the knowledge of his native birds got under his father's eye, when placed in an unknown country to recognize his old feathered friends, and to make new ones and tell their story; it is also valuable as coming from a man of enormous

¹ *camera lucida*, Lat. = a lighted room; cf. *camera obscura*, a 'dark-room'

scholarship and knowledge—the most learned physician of his time—who knew Aristotle and Plato, and all those old fellows, as we know Maunder or Lardner—a hard-working country surgeon, who was ready to run at anyone's call—but who did not despise the modern enlightenments of his profession, because they were not in Paulus Agineta; though, at the same time, he did not despise the admirable and industrious Paul because he was not up to the last doctrine of the nucleated cell, or did not read his Hippocrates by the blaze of paraffin; a man greedy of all knowledge, and welcoming it from all comers, but who, at the end of a long life of toil and thought, gave it as his conviction that one of the best helps to true education, one of the best counteractives to the necessary mischiefs of mere scientific teaching and information, was to be found in getting the young to teach themselves some one of the natural sciences, and singling out ornithology as one of the readiest and most delightful for such a life as his.

I end these intentionally irregular remarks by a story. Some years ago I was in one of the wildest recesses of the Perthshire Highlands. It was in autumn, and the little school, supported mainly by the Chief, who dwelt all the year round in the midst of his own people, was to be examined by the minister, whose native tongue, like that of his flock, was Gaelic, and who was as awkward and ineffectual, and sometimes as unconsciously indecorous, in his English, as a Cockney is in his kilt. It was a great occasion: the keen-eyed, firm-limbed, brown-cheeked little fellows were all in a buzz of excitement as we came in, and before the examination began, every eye was looking at us strangers as a dog looks at his game, or when seeking it; they knew everything we had on, everything that could be known through their senses. I never felt myself so studied and scrutinized before. If any one could have examined them upon what they thus mastered,

Sir Charles Trevelyan and John Mill would have come away astonished, and, I trust, humble. Well, then, the work of the day began; the mill was set a-going, and what a change! In an instant their eyes were like the windows of a house with the blinds down; no one was looking out; everything blank; their very features changed—their jaws fell, their cheeks flattened, they dropped and looked ill at ease—stupid, drowsy, sulky—and getting them to speak or think, or in any way to energize, was like trying to get anyone to come to the window at three of a summer morning, when, if they do come, they are half awake, rubbing their eyes and growling. So with my little Celts. They were like an idle and half asleep collie by the fireside, as contrasted with the collie on the hill and in the joy of work; the form of dog and boy are there—he, the self of each, was elsewhere (for I differ from Professor Ferrier in thinking that the dog *has* the reflex ego, and is a very knowing being). I noticed that anything they really knew roused them somewhat; what they had merely to transmit or pass along, as if they were a tube through which the master blew the pea of knowledge into our faces, was performed as stolidly as if they were nothing but a tube.

At last the teacher asked where Sheffield was, and was answered; it was then pointed to by the dux, as a dot on a skeleton map. And now came a flourish. ‘What is Sheffield famous for?’ Blank stupor, hopeless vacuity, till he came to a sort of sprouting ‘Dougal Cratur’—almost as wee, and as *gleg*,¹ and as tousy about the head, as my own Kintail terrier, whom I saw at that moment through the open door careering after a hopeless rabbit, with much benefit to his muscles and his wind—who was trembling with keenness. He shouted out something which was liker ‘cutlery’ than anything else, and was received as such amid our rapturous applause. I then

¹ *gleg*, Scot. dialect = quick-witted

ventured to ask the master to ask ^{blushing, smiling} small and red Dougal what cutlery was; but from the sudden erubescence of his pallid, ill-fed cheek, and the alarming brightness of his eyes, I twigged at once that *he* didn't himself know what it meant. So I put the question myself, and was not surprised to find that not one of them, from Dougal up to a young strapping shepherd of eighteen, knew what it was!

I told them that Sheffield was famous for making knives and scissors, and razors, and that cutlery meant the manufacture of anything that cuts. Presto! and the blinds were all up, and eagerness, and *nous*, and brains at the window. I happened to have a Wharncliffe, with 'Rodgers and Sons, Sheffield' on the blade. I sent it round, and finally presented it to the enraptured Dougal. Would not each one of those boys, the very boobiest there, know that knife again when they saw it, and be able to pass a creditable competitive examination on all its ins and outs? and wouldn't they remember 'cutlery' for a day or two? Well, the examination over, the minister performed an oration of much ambition and difficulty to himself and to us, upon the general question, and a great many other questions, into which his Gaelic subtlety fitted like the mists into the hollows of Ben-a-Houlich, with, it must be allowed, a somewhat similar tendency to confuse and conceal what was beneath; and he concluded with thanking the Chief, as well he might, for his generous support of 'this aixlent CEMETERY of aedication'. Cemetery indeed! The blind leading the blind, with the ancient result; the dead burying their dead.

Now, not greater is the change we made from that low, small, stifling, gloomy, mephitic room into the glorious open air, the loch lying asleep in the sun, and telling over again on its placid face, as in a dream, every hill and cloud, and birch and pine, and passing bird and cradled boat; the Black Wood of Rannoch standing 'in the midst of its own darkness',

frowning out upon us like the Past disturbed, and far off in the clear ether, as in another and a better world, the dim shepherds of Etime pointing, like ghosts at noonday, to the weird shadows of Glencoe;—not greater was this change, than is that from the dingy, oppressive, weary ‘cemetery’ of mere word-knowledge to the open air, the light and liberty, the divine infinity and richness of nature and her teaching.

We cannot change our time, nor would we if we could. It is God’s time as well as ours. And our time is emphatically that for achieving and recording and teaching man’s dominion over and insight into matter and its forces—his subduing the earth; but let us turn now and then from our necessary and honest toil in this neo-Platonic cavern where we win gold and renown, and where we often are obliged to stand in our own light, and watch our own shadows as they glide, huge and mis-shapen, across the inner gloom; let us come out betimes with our gold, that we may spend it and get ‘goods’ for it, and when we can look forth on that ample world of daylight which we can never hope to overrun, and into that overarching heaven where, amid clouds and storms, lightning and sudden tempest, there are revealed to those who look for them, lucid openings into the pure, deep empyrean, ‘as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness’; and when, best of all, we may remember Who it is who stretched out these heavens as a tent to dwell in, and on whose footstool we may kneel, and out of the depths of our heart cry aloud,

TE DEUM VENERAMUR,
TE, SANCTE PATER!¹

we shall return into our cave, and to our work, all the better of such a lesson, and of such a reasonable service, and dig none the worse.

Science which ends in itself, or still worse, returns upon its

¹ ‘We worship Thee, O God, Thee, Holy Father.’

maker, and gets him to worship himself, is worse than none; it is only when it makes it more clear than before who is the Maker and Governor, not only of the objects, but of the subjects of itself, that knowledge is the mother of virtue. But this is an endless theme. My only aim in these desultory hints is to impress parents and teachers with the benefits of the *study*, the personal engagement—with their own hands and eyes, and legs and ears—in some form or another of natural history, by their children and pupils and themselves, as counteracting evil, and doing immediate and actual good. Even the immense activity in the Post-Office-stamp line of business among our youngsters has been of immense use in many ways, besides being a diversion and an interest. I myself came to the knowledge of Queensland, and a great deal more, through its blue two-penny.

If anyone wishes to know how far wise and clever and patriotic men may occasionally go in the way of giving 'your son' a stone for bread, and a serpent for a fish,—may get the nation's money for that which is not bread, and give their own labour for that which satisfies no one; industriously making sawdust into the shapes of bread, and chaff into the appearance of meal, and contriving, at wonderful expense of money and brains, to show what can be done in the way of feeding upon wind,—let him take a turn through certain galleries of the Kensington Museum.

'Yesterday forenoon,' writes a friend, 'I went to South Kensington Museum. It is really an absurd collection. A great deal of valuable material and a great deal of perfect rubbish. The analyses are even worse than I was led to suppose. There is an ANALYSIS OF A MAN. First, a man contains so much water, and there you have the amount of water in a bottle; so much albumen, and there is the albumen; so much phosphate of lime, fat, hæmatin, fibrine, salt, etc., etc. Then in the next case so much carbon; so much

phosphorus—a bottle with sticks of phosphorus; so much potassium, and there is a bottle with potassium; calcium, etc. They have not bottles of oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, etc., but they have cubical pieces of wood on which is written “the quantity of oxygen in the human body would occupy the space of 170 (e.g.) cubes of the size of this,” etc., etc. And so with analysis of bread, etc., etc. What earthly good can this do anyone?

‘No wonder that the bewildered beings whom I have seen wandering through these rooms, yawned more frequently and more desperately than I ever observed even in church.’

So then, cultivate observation, energy, handicraft, ingenuity, outness in boys, so as to give them a pursuit as well as a study. Look after the blade, and don’t coax or crush the ear out too soon, and remember that the full corn in the ear is not due till the harvest, when the great School breaks up, and we must all dismiss and go our several ways.

V

THE SCIENTIFIC IDEAL

BY SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

A UNIVERSITY, as it at present exists, provides, or may provide, technical instruction for theologians, for lawyers, for medical men, and for engineers. It is, in fact, an advanced technical school for these subjects.

But it is more, and I believe that its chief function lies in the kind of work which I shall attempt now to describe. The German Universities possess what they term a 'Philosophical Faculty'; and this phrase is to be accepted in the derivational meaning of the word—a Faculty which loves wisdom or learning. The watchword of the members of this Faculty is Research; the searching out the secrets of Nature, to use a current phrase; or the attempt to create new knowledge. The whole machinery of the Philosophical Faculty is devised to achieve this end; the selection of the teachers, the equipment of the laboratories and libraries, the awarding of the degrees.

What are the advantages of research? Much is heard nowadays regarding the necessity of state-provision for its encouragement, and the Government places at the disposal of the Royal Society a sum of no less than £4,000 a year, which is distributed in the form of grants to applicants who are deemed suitable by committees appointed to consider their claims to assistance.

There are two views regarding the advantage of research which have been held. The first of these may be termed the

utilitarian view. You all know the tale of the man of science who was asked the use of research, and who parried with the question—What is the use of a baby? Well, I imagine that one school of political economists would oppose the practice of child-murder on the ground that potentially valuable property was being destroyed. These persons would probably not be those who stood to the baby in a parental relation. Nor are the most successful investigators those who pursue their inquiries with the hope of profit, but for the love of them. It is, however, a good thing, I believe, that the *profanum vulgus* should hold the view that research is remunerative to the public—as some forms of it undoubtedly are.

The second view may be termed the philosophical one. It is one held by lovers of wisdom in all its various forms. It explains itself, for the human race is differentiated from the lower animals by the desire which it has to know 'why'. You may have noticed, as I have, that one of the first words uttered by that profound philosopher, a small child, is 'why?' Indeed, it becomes wearisome by its iteration. We are the superiors of the brutes in that we can hand down our knowledge. It may be that some animals also seek for knowledge; but at best, it is of use to themselves alone; they cannot transmit it to their posterity, except possibly by way of hereditary faculties. We, on the contrary, can read and write; and this places us, if we like, in possession of the accumulated wisdom of the ages.

Now the most important function, I hold, of a University, is to attempt to answer that question 'why?' The ancients tried to do so; but they had not learned that its answer must be preceded by the answer to the question 'how?' and that in most cases—indeed in all—we must learn to be contented with the answer to 'how?' The better we can tell *how* things are, the more nearly shall we be able to say *why* they are.

Such a question is applicable to all kinds of subjects; to

what our forerunners on this earth did; how they lived: if we go even farther back, what preceded them on the earth. The history of these inquiries is the function of geology, palæontology, and palæontological botany; it is continued through archæology, Egyptian and Assyrian, Greek and Roman; it evolves into history, and lights are thrown on it by languages and philology; it dovetails with literature and economics. In all these, research is possible; and a University should be equipped for the successful prosecution of inquiries in all such branches.

Another class of inquiries relates to what we think and how we reason; and here we have philosophy and logic. A different branch of the same inquiry leads us to mathematics, which deals with spatial and numerical concepts of the human mind, geometry, and algebra. By an easy transition we have the natural sciences; those less closely connected with ourselves as persons, but intimately related to our surroundings. Zoology and botany, anatomy, physiology, and pathology deal with living organisms as structural machines; and they are based on physics and chemistry, which are themselves dependent on mathematics.

Such inquiries are worth making for their own sakes. They interest a large part of the human race; and not to feel interested in them is to lack intelligence. The man who is content to live from day to day, glad if each day will but produce him food to eat and a roof to sleep under, is but little removed from an uncivilized being. For the test of civilization is *provision*; care to look forward; to provide for tomorrow; the morrow of the race, as well as the morrow of the individual; and he who looks farthest ahead is best able to cope with Nature, and to conquer her.

The investigation of the unknown is to gather experience from those who have lived before us, and to secure knowledge for ourselves and for those who will succeed us. I see,

however, that I am insensibly taking a utilitarian view; I by no means wish to exclude it, but the chief purpose of research must be the acquisition of knowledge, and the second its utilization.

I will try to explain why this is so, and here you must forgive me if I cite well-known and oft-quoted instances.

If attempts were made to discover only useful knowledge (and by useful I accept the vulgar definition of profitable, i.e. knowledge which can be directly transmuted into its money equivalent) these attempts would in many, if not in most, cases fail of their object. I do not say that once a principle has been proved, and a practical application is to be made of it, that the working out of the details is not necessary. But that is best done by the practical man, be he the parson, the doctor, the engineer, the technical electrician, or the chemist, and best of all on a fairly large scale. If, however, the practical end *be* always kept in view, the chances are that there will be no advance in principles. Indeed, what we investigators wish to be able to do, and what in many cases we can do, although perhaps very imperfectly, is to prophesy, to foretell what a given combination of circumstances will produce. The desire is founded on a belief in the uniformity of Nature; on the conviction that what has been will again be, should the original conditions be reproduced. By studying the consequences of varying the conditions our knowledge is extended; indeed it is sometimes possible to go so far as to predict what will happen under conditions, all of which have never before been seen to be present together.

When Faraday discovered the fact that if a magnet is made to approach a coil of wire an electric current is induced in that wire, he made a discovery which at the time was of only scientific interest. That discovery has resulted in electric light, electric traction, and the utilization of electricity as a motive power; the development of a means of transmitting

energy, of which we have by no means seen the end; nay, we are even now only at its inception, so great must the advance in its utilization ultimately become.

When Hofmann set Perkin as a young student to investigate the products of oxidation of the base aniline, produced by him from coal-tar, it would have been impossible to have predicted that one manufactory alone would possess nearly 400 large buildings and employ 5,000 workmen, living in its own town of 25,000 inhabitants, all of which is devoted to the manufacture of colours from aniline and other coal-tar products. In this work alone at least 350 chemists are employed, most of whom have had a University training.

Schönbein, a Swiss schoolmaster, interested in chemistry, was struck by the action of nitric acid on paper and cotton. He would have been astounded if he had been told that his experiments would have resulted in the employment of his nitrocelluloses in colossal quantity for blasting, and for ordnance of all kinds, from the 90-ton gun to the fowling-piece.

But discoveries such as these, which lead directly to practical results, are yet far inferior in importance to others in which a general principle is involved. Joule and Robert Mayer, who proved the equivalence of heat and work, have had far more influence on succeeding ages than even the discoverers above mentioned, for they have imbued a multitude of minds with a correct understanding of the nature of energy, and the possibility of converting it economically into that form in which it is most directly useful for the purpose in view. They have laid the basis of reasoning for *machines*; and it is on machines, instruments for converting unavailable into available energy, that the prosperity of the human race depends.

You will see from these instances that it is in reality 'philosophy' or a love of wisdom which, after all, is most to

be sought after. Like virtue, it is its own reward; and as we all hope is the case with virtue too, it brings other rewards in its train; not, be it remarked, always to the philosopher, but to the race. Virtue, pursued with the direct object of gain, is a poor thing; indeed, it can hardly be termed virtue, if it is dimmed by a motive. So philosophy, if followed after for profit, loses its meaning.

But I have omitted to mention another motive which makes for research; it is a love of pleasure. I can conceive no pleasure greater than that of the poet—the maker—who wreathes beautiful thoughts with beautiful words; but next to this I would place the pleasure of discovery, in whatever sphere it be made. It is a pleasure not merely to the discoverer, but to all who can follow the train of his reasoning. And, after all, the pleasure of the human race, or of the thinking portion of it, counts for a good deal in this life of ours.

To return;—attempts at research, guided by purely utilitarian motives, generally fail in their object, or at least are not likely to be so productive as research without ulterior motive. I am strengthened in this conclusion by the verdict of an eminent German who has himself put the principle into practice; who, after following out a purely theoretical line of experiment, which at first appeared remote from profit, has been rewarded by its remunerative utilization. He remarked, incidentally, that the professors in Polytechnika (what we should term technical colleges, intended to prepare young men for the professions of engineering and technical chemistry) were less known for their influence on industry than University professors. The aim is different in the two cases; the Polytechnika train men for a profession; the Philosophical Faculty of a German University aims at imparting a love of knowledge; and, as a matter of fact, the latter *pay* in their influence on the prosperity of the nation

better than the former. And this brings me to the fundamental premiss of my Oration. It is this: That the best preparation for success in any calling is the training of the student in methods of research. This should be the goal to be clearly kept in view by all teachers in the Philosophical Faculties of Universities. They should teach with this object: to awaken in each of their students a love of his subject, and a consciousness that if he persevere, he, too, will be able to extend its bounds.

Of course it is necessary for the student to learn, so far as is possible, what has already been done. I would not urge that a young man should not master, or at all events study, a great deal of what has been already discovered, before he attempts to soar on his own wings. But there is all the difference in the world between the point of view of the student who reads in order to qualify for an examination, or to gain a prize or a scholarship, and the student who reads because he knows that thus he will acquire knowledge which may be used as a basis of new knowledge. It is that spirit in which our Universities in England are so lamentably deficient; it is that spirit which has contributed to the success of the Teutonic nations, and which is beginning to influence the United States. For this condition of things our examinational system is largely to blame; originally started to remedy the abuses of our Civil Service, it has eaten into the vitals of our educational system like a canker; and it is fostered by the further abuse of awarding scholarships as the results of examinations. The pauperization of the richer classes is a crying evil; it must some day be cured. Let scholarships be awarded to those who need them; not to those whose fathers can well afford to pay for the education of their children. 'Pot-hunting' and Philosophy have absolutely nothing in common.

There are some who hold that the time of an investigator is wasted in teaching the elements of his subject. I am not

one of those who believe this doctrine, and for two reasons:—first, it is more difficult to teach the elements of a subject than the more advanced branches; one learns the tricks of the trade by long practice; and the tricks of this trade consist in the easy and orderly presentment of ideas. And it is the universal experience that senior students gain more good from instruction in advanced subjects by demonstrators than juniors would in elementary subjects. For the senior student makes allowances; and the keenness and interest of the young instructor awakens *his* interest. Second, from the teachers' point of view, it is always well to be obliged to go back on fundamentals. One is too apt, without the duty of delivering elementary lectures, to take these fundamentals for granted; whereas, if they are recapitulated every year, the light of other knowledge is brought to bear on them, and they are given their true proportion; indeed, ideas occur which often suggest lines of research. It is really the simplest things which we know least of; the atomic theory; the true nature of elasticity; the cause of the ascent of sap in plants; the mechanism of exchange in respiration and digestion; all these lie at the base of their respective sciences, and all could bear much elucidation. I believe, therefore, that it is conducive to the furtherance of knowledge that the investigator should be actively engaged in teaching. But he should always keep in view the fact that his pupils should themselves learn how to investigate; and he should endeavour to inculcate that spirit in them.

It follows that the teachers in the Philosophical Faculty should be selected only from those who are themselves contributing to the advancement of knowledge; for if they have not the spirit of research in them how shall they instil it into others? It is our carelessness in this respect (I do not speak of University College, which has always been guided by these principles, but of our country as a whole) which has

made us so backward as compared with some other nations. It is this which has made the vast majority of our statesmen so careless, because so ignorant, of the whole frame of mind of the philosopher; and which has made it possible for men high in the political estimation of their countrymen to misconceive the functions of a University. It is true that one of these functions of a University is to 'train men and women fit for the manifold requirements of the Empire'; that we should all heartily acknowledge; but no man who has any claim to University culture can possibly be contented if the University does not annually produce much work of research. It is its chief excuse for existence; a University which does not increase knowledge is no University; it may be a technical school; it may be an examining board; it may be a coaching establishment; but it has no claim to the name 'University'. The best way of fitting young men for the manifold requirements of the Empire is to give them the power of advancing knowledge.

It may be said that many persons are incapable of exhibiting originality. I doubt it. There are many degrees of originality, as there are many degrees of rhyming, from the writer of doggerel to the poet, or many degrees of musical ear, from the man who knows two tunes, the tune of 'God save the King' and the *other* tune, to the accomplished musician. But in almost all cases, if caught young, the human being can be trained, more or less; and, as a matter of fact, natural selection plays its part. Those young men and women who have no natural aptitude for such work—and they are usually known by the lack of interest which they take in it—do not come to the University. My experience is that the majority, or at least a fair percentage of those who do come, possess germs of the faculty of originating, germs capable of development, in many instances, to a very high degree. It is such persons who are of most value to the

country; it is from them that advance in literature and in science is to be expected; and many of them will contribute to the commercial prosperity of the country. We hear much nowadays of technical education; huge sums of money are being annually expended on the scrappy scientific education in evening classes of men who have passed a hard day in manual labour, men who lack the previous training necessary to enable them to profit by such instruction. It may be that it is desirable to provide such intellectual relaxation; I even grant that such means may gradually raise the intellectual level of the country; but the investment of money in promoting such schemes is not the one likely to bear the most immediate and remunerative fruit. The Universities should be the technical schools; for a man who has learned to investigate can bring his talents to bear on any subject brought under his notice, and it is on the advance, and not the mere dissemination of knowledge, that the prosperity of a country depends. To learn to investigate requires a long and a hard apprenticeship; the power cannot be acquired by an odd hour spent now and again; it is as difficult to become a successful investigator as a successful barrister or doctor, and it requires at least as hard application and as long a period of study.

I do not believe that it is possible for young men or women to devote sufficient time during the evening to such work. Those who devote their evening hours to study and investigation do not bring fresh brains to bear on the subject; they are already fatigued by a long day's work; and, moreover, it is the custom in most of the Colleges which have evening classes to insist upon their teachers doing a certain share of day work; they, too, are not in a fit state to direct the work of their pupils nor to make suggestions as to the best method of carrying it out. Moreover, the official evening class is from seven to ten o'clock, and for investigation in science a spell

of three hours at a time is barely sufficient to carry out successfully the end in view; indeed, an eight hours' day might profitably be lengthened into a twelve hours' day, as it not infrequently is. It is heartrending in the middle of some important experiment to be obliged to close and postpone it till a future occasion, when much of the work must necessarily be done over again.

These are some of the reasons why I doubt whether University education, in the Philosophical Faculty at least, can be successfully given by means of evening classes.

Although my work has lain almost entirely in the domain of science, I should be the last man not to do my best to encourage research in the sphere of what is generally called 'arts'. In Germany of recent years a kind of institution has sprung up which is termed a *Seminar*. The word may be translated, a 'literary laboratory'. I will endeavour to give a short sketch on the way in which these literary laboratories are conducted. After the student has attended a course of lectures on the subjects to which he intends to devote himself and is ripe for research, he enters a Seminar, in which he is provided with a library, paper, pens and ink, and a subject. The method of using the library is pointed out to him, and he is told to read books which bear on the particular subject in question; he is made to collate the information which he gains by reading, and to elaborate the subject which is given him. Naturally his first efforts must be crude, but *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. It probably costs him blame at the hands of his instructor; after a few unsuccessful efforts, however, if he has any talent for the particular investigation to which he has devoted himself, his efforts improve, and at last he produces something respectable enough to merit publication. Thus he is exposed to the criticism of those best competent to judge, and he is launched in what may be a career in Historical, Literary, or Economic research.

Such a Seminar is carried on in philological and linguistic studies, in problems of economy involving statistics, in problems of law involving judicial decision, and of history in which the relations between the development of the various phases in the progress of nations is traced. The system is borrowed from the well-known plan of instruction in a physical or chemical laboratory. Experiments are made in literary style. These experiments are subjected to the criticism of the teacher, and thus the investigator is trained. But it may be objected that the youths who frequent our Universities have not a sufficient knowledge of facts connected with such subjects to be capable of at once entering on a training of this kind. That may be so; if it is the case, our schools must look to it that they provide sufficient training. Even under present circumstances, however, I do not think I am mistaken in supposing that a young man or woman who enters a University at the age of eighteen years with the intention of spending three years in literary or historical studies will not at the end of the second year be more benefited by a course at the Seminar, even though it should result in no permanent addition to literature or history, than if he were to spend his time in mere assimilation. It is not the act of gaining knowledge which profits, it is the power of using it, and while in order to use knowledge it is necessary to gain it, yet a training in the method of using knowledge is much more important and profitable than a training in the method of gaining it. I do not know whether there exists in this country a single example of the continental Seminar; there was some talk of founding such a literary laboratory in University College, but, as usual, the attempt was frustrated by a lack of funds; the attempt would also have been frustrated by the requirements of the present system of examination in the University of London; but there is, fortunately, good hope of changing that system and of

developing the minds of students on those lines which have proved so fruitful where they have been systematically followed.¹

There is one subject, of which the votaries are so few, that it is difficult to treat in the same manner as those literary and scientific subjects of which I have been speaking; that subject is mathematics. While many persons have a certain amount of mathematical ability which they cultivate as a means to an end, those who are born mathematicians are as few as those who are born musicians. I have had the privilege of discussing this question with one of the foremost mathematicians of Europe—Professor Klein of Göttingen. He tells me that while he is content for the most part to treat mathematics as a technical study, imparting to his pupils so much as is necessary for them to use it easily as an instrument, he discourages young men, unless they are especially endowed by Nature, from pursuing the study of mathematics with the object of cultivating a gift for that subject. Especially gifted men occasionally turn up, and those who possess mathematical insight are able to profit by the instruction of the professor in developing some special branch of the subject. Mathematical problems, he tells me, are numerous, but they demand such an extensive knowledge of what has already been done that very few persons who do not devote their lives to the subject are able to cope with them, and it is only those who are born with a mathematical gift who can afford to devote their lives to mathematics, for the standard is high, and the prizes are few.

Many, I suppose, who are at present listening to me would be disappointed were I not to refer to the functions of a University with reference to examinations. A long course of

¹ Several Seminars have now (September 1908) been started at the University College.

training, lasting now for the best part of seventy years, has convinced the population of London that the chief function of a University is to examine. Believe me, the examination should play only a secondary part in the work of a University. It is necessary to test the acquirements of the students whom the teachers have under their charge, but the examination should play an entirely subordinate part. To be successful in examinations is unfortunately too often the goal which the young student aims at, but it is one which all philosophical teachers deprecate. To infuse into his pupils a love of the subject which both are at the same time teaching and learning, is the chief object of an enthusiastic teacher; there should be an atmosphere of the subject surrounding them—an umbra—perhaps I should call it an aura; for it should exert no depressing influence upon them. The object of both classes of students (for I count the teacher a student) should be to do their best to increase knowledge of the subject on which they are engaged. That this is possible, many teachers can testify to by experience; and it is the chief lesson learned by a sojourn in a German laboratory. Where each student is himself engaged in research, interest is taken by the students in each others' work; numerous discussions are raised regarding each questionable point; and the combined intelligence of the whole laboratory is focussed on the elucidation of some difficult problem. There is nothing more painful to witness than a dull and decorous laboratory, where each student keeps to his own bench, does not communicate with his fellow students, does not take an interest in their work and expects them to manifest no interest in his. It is only by friction that heat can be produced, and heat, by increasing the frequency of vibration, results, as we know, in light.

The student should look forward to his examination not as a solemn ordeal which he is compelled to go through with

the prospect of a degree should he be successful, but as a means of showing his teacher and his fellows how much he has profited by the work which he has done; those who pursue knowledge in this spirit and those, be it remarked, who examine in this spirit will look forward to examination with no apprehension; not, perhaps, with joy, for after all it is a bore to be examined and perhaps a still greater bore to examine, but it is a necessary step for the student in gaining self-assurance and the conviction of having profited by his exertions; and for the teacher, as a means of insuring that his instruction has not been profitless to his student. In this connexion I cannot refrain from remarking that that genius for competition which has overridden our nation of England appears to me to be misplaced. Far too much is thought of the top man; very likely the second, or even the tenth, or it may be the fiftieth, has a firmer grasp of his subject, and in the long run would display more talent. Let us take comfort, however, in the thought, that the day of examinations, for the sake of examinations, is approaching an end.

It may surprise many to learn that the suggestion that in England teachers do not usually examine their own pupils for degrees is, abroad, received in a spirit of surprise not unmixed with incredulity. Americans and Germans to whom I have mentioned this state of matters cannot realize that the teacher is not considered fit to be trusted to examine his own pupils, and, singular to state, they maintain that no one else can possibly do so with any attempt at fairness; it appears to them, as it appears to me, an altogether untenable position to hold that a man selected to fill an important professorship, after many years' trial in a junior position, should be suspected of such (shall I say) ambiguous ideas regarding common honesty that he will always arbitrate unfairly in favour of his own pupils. Such a supposition is an insult to the professor; and the exclusion of the teacher elevates examination to the

position of a fetish; it is that, together with the spirit of emulation and competition, which has done so much to ruin our English education. The idea of competitive examination is so ingrained in the minds of Englishmen that it is difficult for them to realize that the object of a University is not primarily to examine its pupils, but to teach them to teach themselves; and also they have still to acquire the conviction that students should be found not merely among the *alumni* of the University, but also among all members of the staff. The spirit which should prevail with us should be the spirit of gaining knowledge—gaining knowledge not for the satisfaction of one's own sense of acquisitiveness, but in order to be able to increase the sum-total of what is known. All should work together, senior and junior staff, graduates and undergraduates, in order to diminish man's ignorance.

To sum up. As it exists at present, a University is a technical school for theology, law, medicine, and engineering. It ought to be also a place for the advancement of knowledge, for the training of philosophers, of those who love wisdom for its own sake; and while as a technical school it exercises a useful function in preparing many men and women for their calling in life, its Philosophical Faculty should impart to those who enter its halls that faculty of increasing knowledge which cannot fail to be profitable not only to the intellect of the nation, but also to its industrial prosperity. I regard this as the chief function of a University.

VI

REALITY

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

A COUPLE of generations ago there was a sort of man going mournfully about who complained of the spread of education. He had an ill-ease in his mind. He feared that book learning would bring us no good, and he was called a fool for his pains. Not undeservedly—for his thoughts were muddled, and if his heart was good it was far better than his head. He argued badly or he merely affirmed, but he had strong allies (Ruskin was one of them), and, like every man who is sincere, there was something in what he said; like every type which is numerous, there was a human feeling behind him; and he was very numerous.

Now that he is pretty well extinct we are beginning to understand what he meant and what there was to be said for him. The greatest of the French Revolutionists was right—‘After bread, the most crying need of the populace is knowledge.’ But what knowledge?

The truth is that secondary impressions, impressions gathered from books and from maps, are valuable as adjuncts to primary impressions (that is, impressions gathered through the channel of our senses), or, what is always almost as good and sometimes better, the interpreting voice of the living man. For you must allow me the paradox that in some mysterious way the voice and gesture of a living witness always convey more than we should have received ourselves from our own sight and hearing of the thing related.

Well, I say, these secondary impressions are valuable as

adjuncts to primary impressions. But when they stand absolute and have hardly any reference to primary impressions, then they may deceive. When they stand not only absolute but clothed with authority, and when they pretend to convince us even against our own experience, they are positively undoing the work which education was meant to do. When we receive them merely as an enlargement of what we know, and make of the unseen things of which we read things in the image of the seen, then they quite distort our appreciation of the world.

Consider so simple a thing as a river. A child learns its map and knows, or thinks it knows, that such and such rivers characterize such and such nations and their territories. Paris stands upon the river Seine, Rome upon the river Tiber, New Orleans on the Mississippi, Toledo upon the river Tagus, and so forth. That child will know one river, the river near his home. And he will think of all those other rivers in its image. He will think of the Tagus and the Tiber and the Seine and the Mississippi—and they will all be the river near his home. Then let him travel, and what will he come across? The Seine, if he is from these islands, may not disappoint him or astonish him with a sense of novelty and of ignorance. It will indeed look grander and more majestic, seen from the enormous forest heights above its lower course, than what, perhaps, he had thought possible in a river, but still it will be a river of water out of which a man can drink, with clear-cut banks and with bridges over it, and with boats that ply up and down. But let him see the Tagus at Toledo, and what he finds is brown rolling mud, pouring solid after the rains, or sluggish and hardly a river after long drought. Let him go down the Tiber, down the Valley of the Tiber, on foot, and he will retain until the last miles an impression of nothing but a turbid mountain torrent, mixed with the friable soil in its bed. Let him approach the

Mississippi at the most part of its long course, and the novelty will be more striking still. It will not seem to him a river at all (if he be from northern Europe); it will seem a chance flood. He will come to it through marshes and through swamps, crossing a deserted backwater, finding firm land beyond, then coming to further shallow patches of wet, out of which the tree-stumps stand, and beyond which again mud-heaps and banks and groups of reeds leave undetermined, for one hundred yards after another, the limits of the vast stream. At last, if he has a boat with him, he may make some place where he has a clear view right across to low trees, tiny from their distance, similarly half swamped upon a further shore, and behind them a low escarpment of bare earth. That is the Mississippi nine times out of ten, and to an Englishman who had expected to find from his early reading or his maps a larger Thames it seems for all the world like a stretch of East Anglian flood, save that it is so much more desolate.

The maps are coloured to express the claims of Governments. What do they tell you of the social truth? Go on foot or bicycling through the more populated upland belt of Algiers and discover the curious mixture of security and war which no map can tell you of and which none of the geographies make you understand. The excellent roads, trodden by men that cannot make a road; the walls as ready loopholed for fighting; the Christian church and the mosque in one town; the necessity for and the hatred of the European; the indescribable difference of the sun, which here, even in winter, has something malignant about it, and strikes as well as warms; the mountains odd, unlike our mountains; the forests, which stand as it were by hardihood, and seem at war against the influence of dryness and the desert winds, with their trees far apart, and between them no grass, but bare earth alone.

So it is with the reality of arms and with the reality of the sea. Too much reading of battles has ever unfitted men for war; too much talk of the sea is a poison in these great town populations of ours which know nothing of the sea. Who that knows anything of the sea will claim certitude in connexion with it? And yet there is a school which has by this time turned its mechanical system almost into a commonplace upon our lips, and talks of that most perilous thing, the fortunes of a fleet, as though it were a merely numerical and calculable thing! The greatest of Armadas may set out and not return.

There is one experience of travel and of the physical realities of the world which has been so widely repeated, and which men have so constantly verified, that I could mention it as a last example of my thesis without fear of misunderstanding. I mean the quality of a great mountain.

To one that has never seen a mountain it may seem a full and a fine piece of knowledge to be acquainted with its height in feet exactly, its situation; nay, many would think themselves learned if they know no more than its conventional name. But the thing itself! The curious sense of its isolation from the common world, of its being the habitation of awe, perhaps the brooding-place of a god!

I had seen many mountains, I had travelled in many places, and I had read many particular details in the books—and so well noted them upon the maps that I could have re-drawn the maps—concerning the Cerdagne. None the less the sight of that wall of the Cerdagne, when first it struck me, coming down the pass from Tourcarol, was as novel as though all my life had been spent upon empty plains. By the map it was 9,000 feet. It might have been 90,000! The wonderment as to what lay beyond, the sense that it was a limit to known things, its savage intangibility, its sheer silence! Nothing but the eye seeing could give one all those things.

The old complain that the young will not take advice. But the wisest will tell them that, save blindly and upon authority, the young cannot take it. For most of human and social experience is words to the young, and the reality can come only with years. The wise complain of the jingo in every country; and properly; for he upsets the plans of statesmen, miscalculates the value of national forces, and may, if he is powerful enough, destroy the true spirit of armies. But the wise would be wiser still if, while they blamed the extravagance of this sort of man, they would recognize that it came from that half-knowledge of mere names and lists which excludes reality. It is maps and newspapers that turn an honest fool into a jingo.

It is so again with distance, and it is so with time. Men will not grasp distance unless they have traversed it, or unless it be represented to them vividly by the comparison of great landscapes. Men will not grasp historical time unless the historian shall be at the pains to give them what historians so rarely give, the measure of a period in terms of a human life. It is from secondary impressions divorced from reality that a contempt for the past arises, and that the fatal illusion of some gradual process of betterment, of 'progress', vulgarizes the minds of men and wastes their effort. It is from secondary impressions divorced from reality that a society imagines itself diseased when it is healthy, or healthy when it is diseased. And it is from secondary impressions divorced from reality that springs the amazing power of the little second-rate public man in those modern machines that think themselves democracies. This last is a power which, luckily, cannot be greatly abused, for the men upon whom it is thrust are not capable even of abuse upon a great scale. It is none the less marvellous in its falsehood.

Now you will say at the end of this, Since you blame so much the power for distortion and for ill residing in our

great towns, in our system of primary education and in our papers and in our books, what remedy can you propose? Why, none, either immediate or mechanical. The best and the greatest remedy is a true philosophy, which shall lead men always to ask themselves what they really know and in what order of certitude they know it; where authority actually resides and where it is usurped. But, apart from the advent, or rather the recapture, of a true philosophy by a European society, two forces are at work which will always bring reality back, though less swiftly and less whole. The first is the poet, and the second is Time.

Sooner or later Time brings the empty phrase and the false conclusion up against what is; the empty imaginary looks reality in the face and the truth at once conquers. In war a nation learns whether it is strong or no, and how it is strong and how weak; it learns it as well in defeat as in victory. In the long processes of human lives, in the succession of generations, the real necessities and nature of a human society destroy any false formula upon which it was attempted to conduct it. Time must always ultimately teach.

The poet, in some way it is difficult to understand (unless we admit that he is a seer), is also very powerful as the ally of such an influence. He brings out the inner part of things and presents them to men in such a way that they cannot refuse but must accept it. But how the mere choice and rhythm of words should produce so magical an effect no one has yet been able to comprehend, and least of all the poets themselves.

BRIEF CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES AND NOTES

STANDARDS OF LIFE

I. THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE, Viscount Haldane of Cloan, lawyer, statesman, philosopher; was born on November 30, 1856, and educated at Edinburgh Academy and University of Göttingen, Germany. He was called to the Chancery Bar in 1879. He translated (1883-6), with J. Kemp, the *World as Will and Idea* of Schopenhauer, the German pessimistic philosopher, and wrote a *Life of Adam Smith* (1887). His Gifford Lectures at St. Andrew's (Scotland), on the fundamental problems of philosophy and theology, *The Pathway to Reality* (1903-4), expound an idealism like that of the German philosopher, Hegel. In *Education and Empire* (1902) he pleaded for educational reform. As Secretary of State for War (1905-1912) he reorganized the army (1907). He was Lord Chancellor under Mr. Asquith from 1912 till 1915, when he withdrew from his office as, on account of the war, his former work for a better understanding with Germany was not in keeping with the general temper of the nation. Freed from the bonds of office, he now wrote *The Reign of Relativity* (1921) and *The Philosophy of Humanism* (1922). He died in 1928 and his autobiography appeared in 1929.

Haldane was one of the finest flowers of Scottish and German cultures. He was a powerful thinker, and he expressed his thoughts in lucid and dignified language. The address here selected was delivered at the Edinburgh University, and is a good example of the high idealism and earnestness that characterized all his writings and speeches.

p. 5. Wordsworth (1770-1850): considered the third greatest poet in the English language. In his poetry he attempted to interpret Man and Nature. His poetry is characterized chiefly by an austere purity of language, sanity of thought, truthfulness of natural description, pensive pathos, and graceful fancy. Sometimes, however, he is rather dull reading.

Nietzsche, Friedrich Wilhelm (1844-1900): a brilliant and paradoxical ethical writer of Germany. He lacked balance of mind and in 1889 became mad. The following were the features of his doctrine: contempt for Christianity with its compassion for the weak; hostility

to asceticism; exaltation of the 'will to power'; belief in the 'superman'—the superior being replacing the Christian ideal—pitilessly trampling over the weak, and superior to ordinary morality. Among his writings the best known (in England) is *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

Ibsen, Henrik (1828–1906): Norwegian dramatist: whose satirical problem-plays, directed to social reforms, obtained wide fame and exerted great influence. Among his plays are *Peer Gynt*, *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *The Wild Duck*, *The Lady from the Sea*, *The Master Builder*.

Strindberg, Johann August (1849–1912): the most prominent figure in modern Swedish literature. He was mad for a time, and on recovery wrote the *Inferno* (1897), which tells of the 'great crisis' in his life.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881): one of the great writers and thinkers of the nineteenth century in England; wrote and spoke with great force. Among his books are *Sartor Resartus*, *The French Revolution*, *Heroes and Hero-worship*, *Past and Present*, *Life of John Sterling*, *Life of Frederick the Great*. As the author of these he has a secure place in English Literature.

Sartor Resartus: originally published in *Frazer's Magazine* in 1833–4, consists of two parts: (1) a discourse on the philosophy of clothes based on the speculations of an imaginary Prof. Teufelsdröckh, leading to the conclusion that all forms and symbols and human institutions are as it were clothes, and as such temporary; and (2) a biography of Teufelsdröckh, which is to some extent an autobiography of Carlyle himself, containing the famous chapters, 'The Everlasting No' and 'The Everlasting Yea'.

p. 6. Tophet: a place to the south of Jerusalem, where, it is said, the Jews made human sacrifices to strange gods. Later it was used as a place for dumping rubbish where bonfires were kept burning, and the place thus became symbolic of hell.

Byron, George Gordon, 6th Baron (1788–1824): English poet and dramatist; author of *Childe Harold*, *Don Juan*, *Manfred*, etc.; immensely popular in his day in England and on the Continent, where his poetry greatly influenced the Romantic movement. His poetry, though sometimes liable to criticism on moral grounds, is marked by ease and fluency and often real beauty.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von (1749–1832): German poet, dramatist, romancer and critic; the greatest German personality since Luther; ranks by common consent with Dante in the fourteenth and Shakespeare in the sixteenth century. Living through the period of 'Storm and Stress' in Germany, his life was exceptionally active. He is remembered chiefly as the author of *Wilhelm Meister*, *The Sorrows of Werther*, and *Faust*.

p. 7. Gifford Lectures: on natural theology without reference to creeds, founded in the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew's, by the bequest of £80,000 by Adam, Lord Gifford (1820–1887), a Scottish judge.

Emily Brontë (1818–1848): sister of Charlotte and Anne Brontë, and author of *Wuthering Heights*. The poem here quoted in part is called 'The Stoic'.

p. 8. . . . *all judging Jove*: Lord Haldane has not quoted the extract from Bosanquet in full, but the meaning will become clearer if after 'all judging Jove' we add the following: 'That is, to the spiritual fact, the realized unity in which the higher is higher by his completer self-surrender.'

p. 9. *Gitanjali*: of Rabindranath Tagore (born 1861). A collection of 'songs' (originally in Bengali) often deeply mystical and expressing intense religious feeling. It was this book that brought Tagore the Nobel Prize for Literature. Tagore is one of the greatest Bengali poets, and perhaps the greatest poet of modern India.

p. 10. '*Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht*': Life is not the highest of values.

Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von (1759-1805): German dramatist, critic, lyric poet, and philosopher; friend of Goethe, and in Germany ranked as his equal.

Heidelberg: in Germany, seat of a university, and important centre of Humanism.

Daub, Karl (1765-1836): a speculative theologian, professor of theology at Heidelberg.

p. 11. Bergson, Henri (born 1859): French philosopher, who holds that our logical and mathematical mental processes are incapable of revealing the reality beyond appearance and change.

Idealists are those who hold that the objects of external perception consist of ideas, or that an independent reality underlies our ideas of external things. Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel were idealists. Lines 12-17 reveal the idealistic tendency of Haldane.

prius: beginning; origin.

p. 14. Martha and Mary: two sisters, greatly devoted to Jesus. Once when Jesus visited them Martha busied herself in domestic work for the entertainment of Jesus, whereas Mary chose 'the better part', and sat at His feet and listened to His teaching.

p. 15. Emerson, Ralph Waldo. See Note on p. 194.

p. 16. Cromwell, Oliver: Lord Protector of England, 1653-1658.

II. WOMAN'S TRUE PLACE AND POWER

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900), the foremost in influence and eloquence of the art critics of the nineteenth century, and a prophet of social and moral reform, was the son of a rich wine merchant. In his early days Ruskin travelled much with his parents. He was allowed to read what he pleased, and among his early favourites were Scott's works, Pope's *Homer*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. He was obliged to read the Bible through once a year, and to learn parts of it by heart. To this he owed much of the beauty of his writings. He was surrounded with costly works of art of different kinds all his life, and these influenced him a great deal. He won the Newdigate Prize for poetry at Oxford, and graduated in 1842.

Among his works are *Modern Painters* (first volume in 1843), *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), *The Stones of Venice* (1851-3), *Unto this Last* (1862), *Sesame and Lilies* (1865), *The Crown of Wild*

Olive (1866), *Fors Clavigera* (begun 1871), *Præterita*—an unfinished autobiography (1885-9).

He was a believer in national education, the organization of labour, and various other social reforms. His earnestness and ardour are seen in all that he wrote and said.

His writings are characterized by brilliancy of style, intimate knowledge of natural phenomena, devotion to art, and originality and idealism of thought. Ruskin is one of the finest prose writers in the English language.

The present selection is from his *Sesame and Lilies*.

p. 19. Pharos: a small island in the Bay of Alexandria, on which a tower of white marble had been erected. It was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. On the top of this tower fires were kept burning for the guidance of sailors, and so the word 'pharos' came to be used as a synonym for a lighthouse.

p. 20. 'that poet', etc.: the lines quoted are from Wordsworth.

III. A GENTLEMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in London in 1801. His father was a banker and his mother of French descent. He studied at Oxford, took orders, wrote religious poems (*Lyra Apostolica*, 1834), and played an important part in the religious movement in Oxford (called variously the Tractarian Movement or the Oxford Movement). Newman contributed 20 out of the 90 'Tracts for the Times' (1840-1). These tracts asserted the authority of the Anglican Church, advocated a stricter discipline and orthodoxy in the Anglican Church, and insisted on the primary importance of the sacraments and the duty of loyalty to the Church.

His sermons, preached at Oxford, are marked by great fervour and beauty. In 1843 he resigned his position in the Anglican Church, and two years later became a Roman Catholic. In 1854 he was appointed rector of the new Catholic University of Dublin, and the third edition of *The Idea of a University Defined* (1873) contains all the lectures delivered by him in connexion with that university. Newman here maintained that the duty of a university is instruction rather than research, and the training of the mind rather than the diffusion of knowledge. He continued writing, and published various *Sermons*, full of fine rhetoric and showing the rarest artistic finish, though less remarkable than the Oxford sermons; and two religious and historical novels, *Loss and Gain* (1848) and *Callista* (1856). In 1864 there appeared his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, a defence of his religious life. He published in 1870 his *Grammar of Assent*, a book on the philosophy of faith. He wrote some poetry too, notably *The Dream of Gerontius*. The hymn, 'Lead, kindly light', written in 1833, when sailing from Rome to England, is one of the finest and most popular in the English language. In 1870 he was made a cardinal. He died in 1890.

Newman's essays and literary lectures show deliberate art and wide learning. His style is scholarly and polished and full of allusions, revealing his rich mind and his cultured and religious outlook on life.

IV. POPULARITY

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK (1868-1924) was born in Surrey, and educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford; was barrister for a time, but soon turned to literature; was for some time on the *Speaker*, but later joined the *Times*, on the staff of which he worked for many years as art critic. Most of his work is of a journalistic character, but when at his best he wrote with rare skill and ability. He has often a curiously personal way of stating his ideas and opinions, making us interested in him as a man as well as a writer. His opinions, too, are often not those of other people. 'He was too impulsive, too rapid, too versatile in the play of his mind to endure the hard mechanical discipline needed for the preparation of a large book.' Most of his writing is in the form of essays and reviews. He was a great reader and had wide sympathies. He had a broad-minded understanding and appreciation of the work of other men. His vast reading has made his style peculiarly interesting; his writings are full of vague reminiscences of great authors.

'Gentle irony, subtle insight, meditative wisdom, free and bold interpretation,' are among the qualities that put him in the front rank of critics. His later work shows a tendency towards the interpretation of art and life in relation to religion.

He was master of a simple style, made beautiful by his imagination and his pleasant originality.

p. 28. Hedonist: one who believes that pleasure is the highest good.

'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'—Matthew, vii, 1.

p. 29. Carlyle, Thomas: see the note on him on p. 190. His moral earnestness put him into the habit of judging, and often his anger fell on the innocent as well as on the guilty. He did not understand Charles Lamb, who was in many ways a lovable and attractive person, and in some ways as great a man as Carlyle himself.

Lamb, Charles (1775-1834): the author of many essays—*The Essays of Elia*—and, with his sister, Mary, of the well-known *Tales from Shakespeare*. He was also a sympathetic and skilful literary critic. His essays are written in an easy, playful and intimate style, and his sincerity and humanity have endeared him to all.

Aristides: a great Athenian statesman and leader of the fifth century B.C. About 483 B.C. the jealousy of his great rival Themistocles procured the banishment of Aristides. It is said that when an illiterate citizen, who did not know him personally, requested him to write his own name on the voting shell he asked the man whether Aristides had injured him. 'No,' said the voter, 'but I am weary of hearing him always styled "the Just".'

Charity in the high Pauline sense: i.e. in the sense in which St. Paul uses the word in I Corinthians, xiii, 4-8.

p. 31. Dickens, Charles (1812-1870): the great Victorian novelist; author of *Pickwick Papers*, *David Copperfield*, etc.

Dumas, Alexander (1803-1870): the great French novelist, author of *The Three Musketeers*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, etc.

Flaubert, Gustave (1821-1880): French novelist, author of *Salambo*, *Madame Bovary*, etc. The last-named novel is considered as a landmark in the development of realism in the modern novel.

Shem and Japheth: the sons of Noah, the Jewish patriarch. Noah being drunk lay naked in his tent, and these two sons covered him with a cloth, 'and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness.' See Genesis, ix, 23.

p. 33. Cleon: a famous Athenian demagogue, who was killed in the war against Sparta in 422 B.C.

V. ON HEROISM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) was a native of Boston, America. He graduated from Harvard College in 1824, and entered upon study for the Unitarian ministry. In April 1836 Emerson married Lydian Jackson, 'the soul of faith', as he described her, and settled down at a place called Concord, and gave himself up to study and philosophical speculation. He became the master-thinker of America,—the Carlyle of America, as some people termed him. He lectured occasionally, and his speeches were marked by charm and power. He wrote continuously. *The Method of Nature*, the most quintessential of his writings, appeared in 1830; *Essays*, first series, 1841; second series, 1844; *Poems*, 1846; *Representative Men* (being collected lectures, delivered in 1845-6), 1850; *Memoir of Margaret Fuller*, 1852; *English Traits*, 1856; *Conduct of Life* (the whole edition of which was exhausted within 48 hours of its publication), 1860; *Society and Solitude*, 1870; a second volume of *Poems*, 1876. The essay on Heroism is from the first series of *Essays*.

His writing is characterized by power and insight, and vigour and individuality of expression. He is not always easy to understand, and an insight into his mind can be gained only by reading as much as possible of what he wrote.

p. 36. Beaumont and Fletcher (1584-1616) (1579-1625): two of the later dramatists of the Elizabethan period, who wrote many plays together.

Roderigo and Pedro: two of the chief characters in a play called *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Valerio: a gentleman in another play by the same authors. *A Wife for a Month*, *Bonduco*, *The Mad Lover*, *The Double Marriage*, all plays by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Sophocles: one of the characters in a play called *The Triumph of Honour*. Emerson, writing from memory, probably thought that it was the name of the play. The names and the extract following are from this play.

p. 38. Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832): the great Scottish novelist and poet. The reference here is to *Old Mortality*, p. 42.

Robert Burns (1759-1796): the great Scottish poet, one of the best song writers.

Harleian Miscellanies: a selection of rare manuscripts from the library of Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford (1661-1724).

Battle of Lutzen (in Saxony), 1632: in which Gustavus Adolphus, though victorious, died. Napoleon gained an indecisive victory at Lutzen in 1813.

Simon Ockley (1678-1720): author of *A History of the Saracens*.

Plutarch (A.D. 46-120): a prolific writer of the Græco-Roman period; wrote historical and moral works. His *Lives* of some great characters is his best known work. Brasidas, Dion, etc., are Greek and Roman men described by Plutarch.

Stoicism: a school of philosophy which regards virtue as the highest good and is indifferent to pleasure and pain.

p. 40. Plotinus (A.D. 205-270): born at Lycopolis, in Egypt, the most original and important philosopher of the Neo-Platonic school. He believed in what he called 'Pure Intelligence'; man's life belongs to two worlds, that of the Senses and that of Pure Intelligence. The abandonment of all earthly interests is the nearest approach to the goal of Pure Intelligence.

p. 41. Ibn Hanka: the author of an oriental geography, translated by Sir George Ousley.

p. 42. John Elliot (1604-1690): the first missionary to the North American Indians; author of a translation of the Bible into the language of the Indians.

King David: second king of the Jews. See I Chronicles, xi, 16-19.

Brutus, Marcus Junius (85-42 B.C.): Roman soldier and politician, who took part in the murder of Julius Cæsar; being defeated at Philippi (42 B.C.) by Augustus Cæsar, he fell on his sword.

Euripides (480-406 B.C.): the youngest and the most 'modern-minded' of the three great Greek tragedy-writers, the other two being Sophocles and Æschylus.

p. 43. Scipio, Publius Cornelius (237-183 B.C.): surnamed 'Africanus Major' on account of his success against the Carthaginians; perhaps the greatest Roman general before Julius Cæsar.

Socrates (469-399 B.C.): the great Athenian philosopher; was charged with neglecting the gods of the state and introducing new divinities, and with corrupting the morals of the young. Socrates protested emphatically against the justice of his condemnation. The Prytaneum was the meeting-place of the presidents of the Senate, where they and certain other men honoured for ancestral or personal service were entertained at the public charge. Socrates said that he ought to be so entertained instead of being punished. He was finally condemned to death.

Sir Thomas More (1478-1535): English statesman and writer. He was executed by order of Henry VIII, whose divorce of Queen Catherine he did not assent to. When about to be beheaded he asked the executioner to wait a little till he had adjusted his beard, for it, he said, had never committed treason.

Blue Laws: popularly, the harsh and inquisitorial enactment of petty regulations, including a strict application of the laws of Moses.

p. 44. Epaminondas (fourth century B.C.): the most eminent of Theban generals and statesmen, and one of the noblest figures in Greek

history. In the battle of Mantinea, in 362 B.C., charging at the head of his army, he was struck in the breast by a javelin. When told that he would die as soon as the javelin was removed, he waited till the news of his victory was brought to him; and then he drew out the javelin with his own hand, exclaiming, 'I have lived long enough'.

Olympus: A mountain between Greece and Macedonia, supposed in Greek mythology to be the home of the gods.

Washington, George (1732-1799): commander of the American army in the War of Independence, and later the first President of the U.S.A.

Milton, John (1608-1674): the great English poet, author of *Paradise Lost*, etc.

Pericles (fifth century B.C.): the great Athenian statesman and general, during whose administration Athens reached the summit of her power.

Xenophon: a Greek general and writer.

Columbus, Christopher (c. 1445-1506): the discoverer of America.

Bayard (1476-1524): the 'Chevalier [knight] without fear and without reproach'. A famous French captain.

Sydney, Sir Philip (1554-1586): English soldier, courtier, poet and critic. Died in the battle of Zutphen. As he lay dying, he passed a cup of water to another wounded man, saying, 'Thy necessity is greater than mine'.

Hampden, John (1594-1643): famous as the leader of the resistance to the imposition of ship-money by Charles I.

p. 45. Colossus of Rhodes: a celebrated statue of Apollo in Rhodes, demolished by earthquake in 224 B.C.

Horses of the sun: according to classical mythology, the chariot of the Sun-God is drawn by a team of horses.

Sappho (*flor.* 610 B.C.): a poetess of great genius and passionate energy; a native of Lesbos in Greece.

Sevigne, Marquise de (1626-1696): a widow at the age of 25, with two children; wrote a number of letters, especially to one daughter, which made the writer famous.

De Staël, Anne Louise Germaine (1766-1817): a Frenchwoman of remarkable intellectual gifts and openness of mind; author of political and literary works. In her Salon in Paris she received the most progressive elements in French society.

Thémis: the daughter of Uranus and wife of Zeus, and mother of the Fates. She was the goddess of law and equity.

p. 46. Phocion (402-317 B.C.): a famous Athenian general and statesman, advocated peace with Macedon in opposition to Demosthenes. He was put to death.

VI. RECREATION

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODEN (born 1862): was educated at Winchester, and Balliol College, Oxford. He succeeded his grandfather, Sir George Grey, as baronet in 1882, and became Member of Parliament for Berwick-on-Tweed (1885-1916). From 1892 to 1895 he was Foreign Under-Secretary, and in 1897 he was Chairman of the Commission appointed to investigate and report on the condition and prospects of

the West Indian Islands. In 1905 he became Foreign Secretary, and retained that post till 1916. His policy as Foreign Secretary has been much discussed in connexion with the outbreak of the Great War during his term of office. He was made a Knight of the Garter in 1912, and became Viscount in 1916. In 1919 he went to America as temporary Ambassador to the U.S.A. For a time his eyesight was seriously impaired, but he returned to political life in 1922. In 1928 he became Chancellor of Oxford University.

He is fond of sports like fishing, and some of his writings and speeches reveal him as a great lover of books. Among his writings are *Fly-fishing* (1899), *Twenty-five Years: 1892-1916* (1925), *The Charm of Birds* (1927).

The present address was delivered to an American audience.

p. 51. Footballplatz: i.e. football-ground.

p. 52. George Meredith (1828-1909): the well-known English novelist and poet; author of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist*, *Diana of the Crossways*, etc.

Bacon, Francis, Viscount St. Albans (1561-1626): politician, scientist, and writer, of the days of Queen Elizabeth and James I; author of some essays, the first of their kind in English, as well as books like *The New Atlantis*, *The Advancement of Learning*, *History of Henry VII*, etc.

p. 54. Plato (428-347 B.C.): the great Greek philosopher. His works form an important part of the philosophical writings of Europe.

Isaac Disraeli (1766-1848): the father of the famous English statesman, Benjamin Disraeli; author of many collections of literary and historical anecdotes; wrote *Curiosities of Literature*, etc.

p. 55. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*: a great historical work published between 1776 and 1788. The full name is *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Edward Gibbon (1737-1794) ranks as one of the great English historians.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892): the well-known English poet of the Victorian era.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751-1816): English dramatist, politician and orator.

p. 56. Dorothy Canfield Fisher (born 1879): an American writer, known chiefly for her novels, *The Bent Twig* (1915) and *The Running Cup* (1921).

p. 57. Colonel Roosevelt: the famous President of the U.S.A.

p. 58. Turner, Joseph Mallard Williams (1775-1851): the well-known landscape painter, in defence of whom Ruskin wrote his *Modern Painters*.

p. 59. The Allies: France, Great Britain, Italy, and other countries which were allied in fighting against Germany and her friends in 1914-1918.

VII. COMMON SENSE

WILLIAM HAZLITT was born at Maidstone, in Kent, in 1778, and spent most of his youth at a quiet village near Shrewsbury. In his early

life he came in contact with the poets Coleridge and Wordsworth. Hazlitt himself has described this in his essay, 'My First Acquaintance with the Poets'. At first he showed an inclination for painting, but he soon gave it up for literature. In London he became a friend of Charles Lamb, the essayist, and came to know many other literary men. He married in 1808, but a divorce took place in 1822. Two years later he married another lady, a widow. From her he parted in the following year.

Hazlitt was a man of a moody temper, quarrelsome, and not very lovable. He was a difficult man to live with. But much of this was due to his love of simple honesty and downright truth. The opinions he had he held strongly and expressed emphatically. The attitude of protest which was inborn in him, and which may perhaps be traced to the fact that he came of a stock of Dissenters, was aggravated by the French Revolution and all that it meant to the youth of those days.

From 1812 onwards he wrote a large number of articles for various magazines and papers. Among his writings are essays on art and on the drama, and *A View of the English Stage* (1818-21). He wrote literary essays on different subjects, and some of his finest writing is to be found in these essays. He wrote also a number of essays on literary criticism. He died in 1830.

Hazlitt ranks as one of the finest essayists in the English language, and many of his essays are marked by vigour and raciness. In some of the lighter essays he adopts the chatty style of conversation. About his style he himself has said: 'As to my style, I thought little about it. I only used the word which seemed to me to signify the idea I wanted to convey, and I did not rest till I had got it. In seeking for truth I sometimes found beauty.'

p. 62. Admirable Crichton: James Crichton (1560-1582), called the Admirable, a Scotch gentleman, travelled to Paris (1577), where he is said to have disputed on scientific questions in twelve languages. He served in the French army and travelled to Italy, where he discoursed and talked a good deal. He was a good swordsman. He was killed in a brawl in Mantua.

Douceur: lit., sweetness, a present or a bribe.

Grotius (1583-1645): Dutch statesman and jurist.

Puffendorf, Samuel, Baron von (1632-1694): German writer on jurisprudence.

Reductio ad absurdum: Proving a given principle false by producing a logical consequence of it that is absurd.

Turnpike gates: gates set across roads to stop carts, etc., until toll was paid.

p. 63. Commodore Hauser Trunnion: one of the characters in Smollett's novel, *Peregrine Pickle*; an old sea-dog who uses ferocious language but is really kind-hearted. His house is called 'The Garrison' and is run like a fortress.

p. 64. Mr. Mac Alpine, any Scotsman.

p. 66. Phlegmatic C——: the English poet, Coleridge.

Tom Jones (1749): an important novel, one of the earliest in English, written by Henry Fielding (1707-1754). Tom Jones is a young man of not very steady or highly moral character, but is honest, sympathetic and human.

Video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor: 'I see and approve of the better things; I follow the worse.'

VIII. INTERNATIONAL THOUGHT

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933) was educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford. He was called to the bar, but soon turned to literature. He has achieved distinction both as a novelist and as a playwright. His most important work is the series of novels, including *The Man of Property*, *In Chancery*, and *To Let*, all of which together make *The Forsyte Saga*. In this series of novels Galsworthy tries to analyse the acquisitive instinct possessed to a high degree by the Forsytes, and especially by Soames Forsyte, who views everything in terms of property. He tries to exercise proprietary rights even over his wife. The sequel to *The Forsyte Saga* is called *A Modern Comedy*, containing *The White Monkey*, *The Silver Spoon*, and *Swan Song*. In these books Galsworthy reveals the state of mind of the post-war generation in England, whose one purpose is 'to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last'. Both *The Forsyte Saga* and *A Modern Comedy* contain two 'Interludes', or connecting stories, each. Among other novels written by Galsworthy are *The Island Pharisees* (which is an attack on the pharisaical English society), *The Country House*, *Fraternity*, *The Patrician*.

The plays of Galsworthy deal mostly with social problems—capital and labour, prison system, our ideas of justice, aristocrats and the newly rich. They are all characterized by a somewhat grim humour and a striking impartiality, enabling the author to present 'both sides' with justice and without making a case for any one side. Among his many plays the best known are *The Silver Box*, *Strife*, *Justice*, *The Skin Game*, *Loyalties*.

He has written a few essays, too, and some of his ideas about literature may be found in *The Inn of Tranquillity*.

Galsworthy's style and his method of presenting his material reveal a classic balance. But though he has undoubted classical qualities he is essentially English in his humour and his 'high seriousness'.

p. 69. Thomas Hardy (1840-1928): one of the greatest of recent novelists; the author of novels like *The Return of the Native*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; also a poet. All his writing is marked by a rather pessimistic view of life.

p. 76. Anatole France: the pen name of Jacques Anatole Thibault (1844-1924), French novelist, author of many witty, graceful and satirical tales.

IX. PATRIOTISM

The Very Rev. WILLIAM RALPH INGE, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, was born in Yorkshire in 1860, and had a brilliant academic career at Eton and Cambridge. He has held many important positions as a lecturer and teacher, and he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1907. He was appointed Dean of St. Paul's—a very important office in the Church of England—in 1911. He has written many books of a philosophical character, among which are, a book on *Christian Mysticism* (1899), *The Philosophy of Plotinus* (1918), *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion* (1924). He is a powerful thinker, and his thought, as expressed in his addresses and essays, is not of the glibly optimistic sort that people often like, and so he has been called the 'Gloomy Dean'. Most of his essays and addresses were collected together under the title of *Outspoken Essays*. These essays are a remarkably frank diagnosis of present-day life and morals. The essay on patriotism analyses the sentiment of patriotism, and the good and durable elements in it are distinguished from the sordid and undesirable elements. Dean Inge is a thorough Englishman, and so this essay, written during the war (1915), betrays some of the average Englishman's hatred of the Germans. One of the most noteworthy qualities of Inge's writing is its great 'allusiveness'; the number of works and men referred to is very great, and many of these names belong to the classical ages.

p. 77. Grant Allen (1848–1899): author of books like *Vignettes from Nature*, *Flowers and Their Pedigrees*, *The Evolution of the Idea of God*, *Darwin*, and a number of novels, of which *The Woman Who Did* (1895) created a storm of controversy.

Havelock Ellis (born 1859): a writer on the psychology of sex and allied subjects.

Herbert Spencer (1820–1903): the founder of evolutionary philosophy, and the author of many books on psychology and philosophy.

Aristotle (384–322 B.C.): the celebrated Greek philosopher, author of a number of books covering a wide range of subjects.

ἡ φύσις τέλος ἰστυν: Nature is the end.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (A.D. 121–180): Roman Emperor from 161; religious philosopher, and author of 12 books of *Meditations* which are famous.

Cecrops: the legendary first king of Attica, which was called Cecropia after him, and the founder of Athens.

Antonine: Marcus Aurelius came from the family of Antoninus, and was therefore an 'Antonine'.

p. 79. *Mehrer des Reichs*: Enlarger of the Empire.

Frederick the Great (1712–1786): King of Prussia, grandson of George I of England. He raised Prussia to the position of a powerful state.

Napoleon I: Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821), the great general, and later (1804) Emperor of France. From 1800 till 1812 he won a series of remarkable victories and subdued many European powers.

p. 80. *ὑβρις*: pride or insolence.

Thucydides (fifth century B.C.): famous Athenian historian, wrote a history of the war between Athens and Sparta up to the year 411 B.C.

Melian: i.e. of the island of Melos. 'The Melian Dialogue' in Thucydides is a discussion between the Athenian envoys and the magistrates of Melos, which had refused to surrender, and which consequently the Athenians were proposing to reduce (416 B.C.).

Mitylene: or Lesbos, a Greek island in the Ægean Sea. In 476 B.C. it had joined the Athenian league, but, revolting in 429, it was promptly reduced to obedience again.

Sicilian expedition (415-413 B.C.): an expedition was sent by the Athenians to Syracuse (the capital city of Sicily) under Nicias, which proved a complete disaster and ended for ever the Athenian dream of a wider empire in the west.

Machiavelli's *Prince*: Machiavelli (1469-1527), a Florentine statesman and political philosopher, wrote among other things a book called *The Prince* (1513), which is a treatise on statecraft, and which was directed to the attainment of a united Italy by methods that included cruelty and bad faith.

Seneca (died A.D. 65): the Roman philosopher and tragedy-writer, from whom we get the so-called Senecan tragedy.

p. 81. Dysgenic: the opposite of eugenic; dysgenic effect therefore may mean the effect of producing diseased or weak progeny.

Tenon, Jacques René (1724-1860): French writer on medicine.

Dufau, Pierre Armand (1795-1877): French writer on political economy.

Foissac, Pierre: French doctor, and author of a treatise on the influence of climate on man.

de Lapouge: a French author, known for his translation of Haeckel.

Richet, Charles R.: French physiologist.

Tiedemann, Dietrich (1745-1803): German philosopher and historian.

Seeck, Otto: German writer of history.

Guerrini Paulus: Italian medical writer.

Kellog, Edward (1790-1858): American economist.

Starr Jordan, David: an American professor.

Castile: the central district of the Spanish peninsula.

Immer der Krieg verschlingt die besten: War always devours the best.

'We have fed,' etc.: from Kipling's *The Song of the Dead*.

catena: a connected series.

p. 83. This war: i.e. the Great War begun in 1914.

The Middle Ages: the period of time from the Roman decadence (fifth century A.D.) to the Renaissance—end of the fifteenth century.

The grand idea: one of the dominant ideas of the Middle Ages was that of a grand Christian empire—a Holy Roman Empire, for instance.

ius gentium: law of nations.

Aragon: once a kingdom, now dwindled into a province in the north-east of Spain.

Moors: in European history the Arab and Berber conquerors and

occupants of Spain from 711 to 1492, which was the year of the fall of Granada.

p. 84. Lord Acton (1834–1902): Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; planned the *Cambridge Modern History*.

Charles V (1500–1558): German emperor; married Isabella, sister of John III of Portugal.

Partition of Poland: The first partition of Poland took place in 1772, when the country was divided between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. A second partition took place in 1793, and a third in 1795. The division of Poland was rearranged by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The complete independence of Poland was established by the treaties of 1919, after the Great War.

Bourbons: a branch of the Royal family of France.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712–1778): French writer and thinker, whose books were greatly responsible for the Revolution. His rather sordid private life is described in his *Confessions*.

Jena and Auerstädt: two battles, both on 14th October 1806, in which the Prussians were defeated by the French.

Tilsit: where a treaty was made in 1807 between the Czar of Russia and Napoleon.

p. 85. Congress of Vienna: in 1815, after the overthrow of Napoleon. The settlement of 1815 did not solve the problems of the different nationalities in Europe

Enclave: lit., territory surrounded by foreign dominions; a self-contained territory.

Fabian Society: a society founded in 1884, consisting of socialists who advocate a 'Fabian' or gradual policy of socialization.

p. 86. Platonic idea: Plato believed that all earthly things are but imperfect imitations of divine types or ideas.

p. 87. Agamemnon: King of Argos, commander of the Greek hosts that went to Troy to recover Helen.

Julius Cæsar: the famous dictator of Rome in the first century B.C., murdered by Brutus and others.

Dante, Alighieri (1265–1321): the great Italian epic poet who wrote the *Divina Commedia*.

Nordic giant: member of the race of men (who are usually tall and well-built) found especially in Scandinavia and northern Britain.

Houston Chamberlain: Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1855–1927) was a British admiral's son. He married Richard Wagner's daughter and was naturalized as a German in 1916. He wrote in German on music, Kant, and philosophy, and was rabidly anti-English in his views and sentiments.

p. 88. Turanian: belonging to the Asiatic races that are neither Semitic nor Indo-European.

Duas res plerasque Gallia industriosissime prosequitur, rem militarem et argute loqui: Two things the people of Gaul follow most industriously: soldiering and clever talk.

p. 89. Bismarck, Otto Eduard Leopold, Prince von (1815–1898): Prussian Prime Minister, and later the 'Iron Chancellor' of the North German Federation and of the German Empire, constituted in 1871.

Abbé Noël: professor in the University of Louvain.

Cephalic index: certain measurements of the human head indicating differences in race.

malgré lui: in spite of himself.

Bishop Berkeley (1685-1753): Irish divine and philosopher, author of many books.

p. 90. Arthur Balfour: see note on 'Co-partnership', p. 205.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865): President of the U.S.A. from 1860 till his assassination in 1865.

St. Paul, the Apostle: The reference here is to Romans, ix, 3.

p. 91. Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891): American author, wrote among other things, *Biglow Papers* (1848 and 1862).

quasi noverca: almost a stepmother.

STANDARDS OF JUDGMENT

I. THE FEDERATION OF MANKIND

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS (born 1866), the son of a small tradesman and professional cricketer, was apprenticed to a draper. In some of his novels, *Kipps*, for instance, we have references to this early life of his. He graduated from the London University with first-class honours, and remained a teacher for some time. The first book he wrote was a textbook of biology. From 1893 onwards he definitely took to literature. His first books were 'scientific fantasies', which show a powerful scientific imagination. To this class belong books like *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds*, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, *The First Men in the Moon*, etc. The next group of novels that Wells wrote may be called novels of character and humour, and include some of the best of his books from a literary point of view: *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, *The History of Mr. Polly*, etc. During this period and afterwards he wrote many sociological novels and treatises, such as *A Modern Utopia*, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, *The Outline of History*, *The World of William Clissold*, etc.

Wells is a voluminous writer. But only a few of his books have the finest literary qualities. He himself has said that he is not an artist but only a journalist; but we have plenty of evidence to prove that if he had cared he could have written differently. He is, however, possessed with the idea of making the world a better place, and his very eagerness for human betterment interferes with his being a great artist. His mind is occupied with the future of the world; to him its past is not so interesting as what the future might be.

The present selection is the last part of his *The Outline of History*.

The Florence of the Medici: The Medici were rulers of Florence from 1434. They were great patrons of art and literature, and made Florence the home of many monuments of art.

Asoka, one of the greatest emperors of ancient India (264-228 B.C.).

Tang and Ming: Two Chinese dynasties. The Ming dynasty ruled

in China from 1368 to 1643. The porcelain of this period is highly esteemed.

p. 96. Newton, Sir Isaac (1642-1727): English scientist and philosopher.

Darwin, Charles (1809-1882): English naturalist, who developed the theory of evolution; wrote *The Origin of Species*, *The Descent of Man*, etc.

Huxley, Thomas Henry (1825-1895): English scientist.

p. 98. In this *Outline*: i.e. in *The Outline of History*, from which this piece is taken.

Neolithic: the new or later 'stone age', when stone tools were used by the primitive men, is called the neolithic period.

Nordic-Aryans and Hun-Mongols: different races of mankind.

Heliolithic phase: a phase of the neolithic age when there was also sun worship.

Brunet: civilization of a race of dark-haired and brown-skinned people.

p. 99. Kalmucks: a Mongolian race living on the Caspian.

p. 100. Bronze age: a stage in human history when weapons and instruments of bronze were used. This age came after the stone age.

p. 102. Great Powers: 'The Age of the Great Powers' is the title of Book VIII in Wells's *Outline*. The Great Powers are the leading nations of Europe and America.

Christendom: lit., Christian world. In ordinary usage it means Christian Europe.

Aztecs: the ancient race found in Mexico when Europeans first went there.

II. LITERATURE

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859), the son of a Manchester merchant, led a rambling life before he went to Oxford. He left Oxford without a degree. In 1804 he fell a victim to opium, and this habit persisted. He became associated with the Lake Poets, and lived near them. He joined the staff of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for this magazine he wrote his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*.

He wrote a novel and one or two other books, but his position in English literature depends upon the *Confessions*, and a number of miscellaneous essays, covering a wide field—biography, criticism, and personal reminiscence. One would feel that a literary reputation based upon such scanty work is not a safe one; but De Quincey has an assured place in English literature. In the *Confessions* and some of the essays he reveals originality and vigour of the rarest kind, and his prose often rises to heights of eloquence; the whole of the *Confessions* is written in this poetic or impassioned prose. His writing is charged with a special kind of humour, too. But sometimes his language appears to be affected and unsuited to his theme; and sometimes, again, he tends to be long-winded and diffuse.

As a literary critic he showed great penetration; but his mind is essentially that of a poet, and, therefore, his essays are imaginative and brilliant rather than analytical and logical.

p. 104. Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage: i.e. the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

p. 106. *Paradise Lost*: an epic poem by Milton, in 12 books, dealing with man's disobedience and his consequent loss of paradise.

p. 107. Jacob's Ladder: Jacob, one of the patriarchs of the Jews, saw in a dream a ladder set up from earth to heaven, on which angels were ascending and descending.

'Mimicries of poetry', etc.: i.e. the 'imitation' of life which 'is the business of poetry, etc.

p. 108. *Quamdiu bene se gesserit*: 'So long as he behaves himself well.'

Principia: one of the chief works of Newton, in which he expounded his laws of motion and gravitation.

La Place, Pierre Simon, Marquiss de (1749-1827): a Frenchman, the greatest mathematician and theoretical astronomer since Newton.

p. 109. *nominis umbra*: 'the shadow of a name', i.e. a name no longer famous.

The Iliad: the great epic poem written by the Greek poet, Homer. It deals with the Trojan War.

Æschylus (525-456 B.C.): the oldest of the three great Attic tragedy-writers.

Othello, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*: all tragedies by Shakespeare.

Praxiteles: a Greek sculptor (fourth century B.C.). One of the best examples of his art is a statue of Aphrodite.

Michelangelo, or Michael Angelo (1475-1564): one of the greatest Italian painters and sculptors; also a poet.

III. CO-PARTNERSHIP

LORD BALFOUR was born in 1848, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He became connected with the political life of his country. In 1886 he was Secretary for Scotland, and the next year he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. In this latter office, which had ruined many careers, he surprised everyone by the energy with which he set himself to administer the laws without fear or favour, and he came to be known as 'bloody Balfour', though he was more respected than feared or hated. He was leader of the House of Commons more than once. As leader of the Conservative party he was Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905. He attended the Peace Conference and the Washington Conference. Balfour was a powerful debater and was known as the 'Rupert of debate'. He wrote many books: *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt* (1879), *Essays and Addresses* (1893), *The Foundations of Belief, Theism and Humanism* (1915), *Essays, Speculative and Political* (1920), *Theism and Thought* (1923), *Opinions and Arguments* (1927). He died in 1930.

One of the most distinguished politicians of his day, he was sagacious and cautious. He was one of the leading philosophical thinkers of the twentieth century. He had an exceptional culture, including proficiency in music.

The extract given here is from a speech which Lord Balfour

delivered on December 1, 1908 before the Labour Co-partnership Association, London, and was reported, without his revision, in the Proceedings of the Association.

IV. THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY

LORD RUSSELL, popularly known as Bertrand Russell, was born at Trellock on May 18, 1872, the second son of Viscount Amberley. On the death of his brother, in 1931, he fell heir to the earldom created for his grandfather, Lord Russell. He was educated at first privately and then at Cambridge, where he obtained a first class in mathematics and moral sciences. Early in his life he acquired a thorough knowledge of French and German, and this accounts for the lucidity of his prose style. After a brief diplomatic career he settled in a small cottage, near Haslemere, to study mathematics, philosophy and sociology. He was appointed lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, but he had to resign on account of his strong pacifist views during the Great War. Later on he was fined and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, on account of these very views. He is a much-travelled person, and has visited the Continent many a time as well as seen China and Japan. He started a nursery school, which, though successful in every other way, has not been much of a financial success. He is a prolific and miscellaneous writer, and has written many books on philosophy, religion, politics, mathematics and sociology. Though it is not possible to agree to everything he says, it cannot be denied that he is one of the most original and daring thinkers of the age. He possesses a style which is clear and precise, lucid and dignified. He has an intense curiosity about life, which is reflected in all of his works.

p. 118. Newton's great work: The actual name was *Philosophiæ Naturalis, Principia Mathematica*.

V. CRITICISM

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, born in London on August 6, 1889, was educated in strict classical tradition at Oxford. In his third year at Oxford (1911) he founded, with Michael Sadler, an advanced review called *Rhythm*, which ran for about a year and a half. Katherine Mansfield, the gifted writer of stories and sketches, was a contributor to this paper, and as a result of the acquaintance that grew out of this John Middleton and Katherine Mansfield were married in 1912. Before the War, Middleton Murry was connected with the *Westminster Gazette* and also with the *Times*. He experienced some hardship during the early years of the War. He wrote (1916) *Fyodor Dostoevsky*, and was paid £10 for it and was glad to get it. He wrote for different papers, and later became editor of the *Athenæum*. Katherine Mansfield being seriously ill, they lived on the Riviera and in Switzerland. Katherine died in January 1923. The same year Middleton Murry founded the *Adelphi*, with certain convictions and views which were called

'mystical' by some people. In 1930 he gave up the editorship of the *Adelphi* in order to devote himself completely to his writing. Among his works are *Countries of the Mind* (1922), *Discoveries* (1924), *The Unknown God* (1924), *Jesus, Man of Genius* (1927), *Studies in Keats* (1930), also a play, a book of poems, and three novels. He has said about himself, 'After all, though I have written novels and poems and even a play, I am first and foremost a literary critic. I have tried to make myself a good one, and therefore I have been compelled to justify to my own reason my invincible preferences. What is to others my chief crime is, in my own eyes, my chief virtue—namely, that I take literature very seriously indeed. With Keats I hold that "the fine writer is the most genuine creature in the world", with Milton that "he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter ought himself to be a true poem".'

p. 125. Remy de Gourmont: French story-writer and critic.

p. 126. Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784): the famous English critic and personality of the eighteenth century.

p. 127. Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin (1804–1869): French critic and poet; the first French critic to break away from the dogmas of the classical school.

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888): English poet and critic.

p. 128. Dr. Robert Bridges (1844–1930): from 1913 till his death he was Poet Laureate. He had a deep knowledge of prosody and the technique of poetry.

STANDARDS OF LEARNING

I. THE HABIT OF READING

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL was born near Liverpool in 1850, and graduated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1872. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, and made Queen's Counsel in 1893. From 1896 to 1899 he was Quain Professor of Law in the University College of London. He was a Member of Parliament for a number of years. He was appointed President of the Council of Education, and from 1907 to 1916 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland.

He has made a name for himself as essayist and critic. The essay today is an important literary form, and some of the keenest intellects of our day find sufficient scope for literary activity in the essay. Augustine Birrell is one of the distinguished essayists of today; and as a literary critic he has an important place. He has made special studies of many writers and written many books and essays of literary criticism.

Among his writings may be mentioned *Obiter Dicta*, *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, *William Hazlitt*, *Andrew Marvell*. His *Collected Essays* appeared in 1922. The language of his books is marked by scholarly ease. It is dignified and correct, but at the same time colloquial and personal.

p. 135. *Magnum*: two quarts.

'To cleanse his way': the reference is to Psalms, cxix, 9.

Paradise Regained: a great epic poem by Milton, though not as great as his *Paradise Lost*, to which it is a kind of sequel and complement.

p. 136. Lord Foppington: a character in Vanbrugh's comedy, *The Relapse*, and Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough* (which is a modified version of the former).

Balzac, Honoré de (1799-1850): French novelist and author of the great collection of romances entitled *La Comédie Humaine*, in which he endeavoured to represent the whole complex system of French society. *Le Cousin Pons* is one of his masterpieces.

Robinson Crusoe: a romance by Daniel Defoe, published in 1719; deals with the life of a shipwrecked mariner on a lonely island.

The Three Musketeers: one of the most popular of the romances of Alexandre Dumas, published 1844.

War and Peace (1865-72): one of the most famous of the works of Leo Tolstoy, the Russian writer.

Walpole: the famous *Letters* of Horace Walpole (1717-1797), edited (1857-9) by Peter Cunningham.

The Annual Register: An annual review of the events of the past year, founded by Dodsley in 1758, which still survives.

Boswell: i.e. Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* (1791)—edited in 1887 by George Birbeck Norman Hill.

Fielding, Henry (1707-1754): English novelist; author of *Tom Jones*, etc.

Richardson, Samuel (1698-1761): 'the father of the English novel'; author of *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, etc.

Sterne, Laurence (1713-1768): English novelist, author of *Tristram Shandy*, etc.

Berne: in Switzerland.

p. 138. 'Home for heroes': appeals were made to secure funds for finding homes for the 'heroes' of the Great War. The homes that the heroes actually got were tiny cottages and cramped quarters. The author is here referring to the modest houses in which most of us have to live.

Bodleian: the famous library at Oxford.

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809-1898): the great English statesman of the Victorian era.

Nonconformist: a Protestant Christian who does not 'conform' to the established Church of England.

p. 139. Soho: a district in London associated with foreign restaurants, etc.

Phineas Finn (1869): one of a series of novels of parliamentary life, by Anthony Trollope.

Clarendon's *History*: a history of the Civil War in England, by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674).

p. 140. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792): the great English portrait-painter. *The Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by C. R. Leslie (member of the Royal Academy) and Tom Taylor, appeared in 1865.

Burke, Edmund (1729-1797): the great Irish orator and statesman.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1730-1774): English poet, playwright, novelist, essayist. Among his works are *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Deserted Village*.

Garrick, David (1717-1779): famous English actor, pupil and friend of Dr. Johnson.

Wilkes (1727-1797): a dissipated but clever Englishman, the hero of a famous trial.

II. A NOBLE FELLOWSHIP

p. 146. *entrée*: entry, admission.

Elysian gates: i.e. gates of Elysium—the abode of the blessed after death, and therefore a place of perfect happiness.

Portieres: curtains before doors.

III. BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh in 1850, and was educated at the Edinburgh Academy and University, where he studied engineering as he was intended to be an engineer. In 1871 it was decided that he should become a barrister, and so he studied law and was admitted advocate in 1875. But Stevenson never practised. He had already begun to write. His health was poor: indeed the whole of his life was a fight against consumption. An affection of the lungs made him travel frequently. The experiences he had during some of these travels gave material for some of his books. In *An Inland Voyage* (1878) he describes a canoe tour in Belgium, and in his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* (1879) he describes a tour in Spain in 1878. In 1879 he travelled to California. In America he married Mrs. Osborne, in 1880. After a short stay in America he returned to England. All this time he was writing—articles for periodicals, essays, short stories, and descriptions of his travels. Among the books of this class are *Virginibus Puerisque* and other essays (1881), *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1882), *The New Arabian Nights* (1882), *The Merry Men* (short stories, including *Markheim* and *Thrawn Janet*, 1887), *Memoirs and Portraits* (1887), *Across the Plains* (1892), *Island Nights' Entertainments*. At the same time Stevenson had written novels that made him famous: *Treasure Island* (1883), one of the most popular of his novels, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), *Kidnapped* (1886), and its sequel, *Catriona* (1893), *The Black Arrow* (1884), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), and two unfinished novels, *Weir of Hermiston* and *St. Ives* (this was completed by Quiller-Couch), which were published after his death. In 1889 Stevenson went to the South Seas, and settled in the island of Samoa in 1890, where he bought the 'Vailima' property. Here for a time he seemed to recover his health. But death came suddenly in 1894—he ruptured a blood vessel in the brain—and robbed the world of one of the most charming of its writers.

Stevenson wrote some poetry, too, collected in *A Child's Garden of Verses* and *Underwoods*. His letters are delightful reading.

Stevenson is an admirable story-teller, and some of his short stories

are amongst the best in English. His style, which was the result of 'labour and fastidious selection', is very chaste and felicitous. His writings reveal an attractive sweetness of temper, and this, together with the romantic nature of many of his stories, his sane and courageous and healthy outlook on life, make him one of the best-loved writers in the English language.

p. 147. The Editor: i.e. the editor of the *British Weekly*, to which this essay was a contribution.

p. 148. Hamlet and Rosalind: in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *As You Like It*.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons: a descendant of the famous tragedienne, Mrs. Sarah Siddons.

Kent and Lear: in Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

D'Artagnan: the hero of Dumas's novel, *The Three Musketeers*, and appearing again in some later novels, including *Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

Pilgrim's Progress (1678): the famous allegory of the Christian life, by John Bunyan (1628-1688).

Essays of Montaigne: Montaigne (1533-1592) wrote the first essays in French—he was a Frenchman—which when translated started the first essays in English.

p. 149. Walt Whitman (1829-1892): an American poet of great power, who wrote without regard to form. *Leaves of Grass* is the name of the best known of his volumes of poems.

p. 150. Rabbi: lit., a Jewish doctor of the law; hence a teacher.

Caput mortuum: worthless residue.

Goethe: see note on him on p. 190. *Life of Goethe* (1853), one of the best works of the versatile English writer, George Henry Lewes (1817-1878).

Werther: The Sorrows of Werther, one of the best-known novels of Goethe.

Inquisitor: the inquisition was an ecclesiastical tribunal appointed by the Roman Catholic Church, directed to the suppression of heresy. Its activities extended in the thirteenth century to many parts of western and south-western Europe, including Spain. The inquisition was notoriously cruel and ruthless in its methods.

p. 151. Martial (A.D. 43-104): a Roman poet, witty and often coarse. He was a Spaniard by birth.

Mill, John Stuart (1806-1873): English 'utilitarian' philosopher.

p. 152. *The Egoist*: by Meredith.

Nathan and David: David, king of the Jews, having taken to wife Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, whose death he later arranged for, was reproved by Nathan the prophet. See II Samuel, xii, 7-14.

Mote and beam: the reference is to Matthew, vii, 3-5: 'Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'

Willoughby Patterne: the hero of *The Egoist*.

Thoreau, Henry David (1817-1862): American writer, a friend of Emerson, an ascetic, a revolutionary, and something of a wild man. He lived alone in the woods for some time.

Penn, William (1644–1678): the founder of Pennsylvania (in America). The book of aphorisms here mentioned is called *Some Fruits of Solitude*, and was published anonymously in 1693.

Mitford, Algernon Bertram Freeman (1837–1916): English author, wrote, among other things, the charming *Tales of Old Japan* here mentioned.

IV. EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES

DR. JOHN BROWN was born at Biggar on September 22, 1810, and educated at Edinburgh High School and University. He took his M.D. in 1853, and set up a practice in Edinburgh. His practice was never large, for he was not merely a doctor and not at all a money-maker. His life was an uneventful one. The last few years of his life—except the last one year—were darkened by depression. But he died peacefully on May 11, 1882.

His contribution to literature consists almost entirely of three volumes—two volumes of essays, entitled *Horæ Subsecivæ* ('Leisure Hours'), 1858–61, and *John Leech and Other Papers*, 1882. Editors and publishers had to press him hard to get articles from him, because Dr. Brown was never confident of his own literary ability. He held that no man should publish anything 'unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it right'. This statement explains Dr. Brown's writing so little, and that little being so excellent.

One may regret that Dr. Brown did not give more time to literature. But the quality of his work is such that one feels that perhaps he did wisely in not trying to write many volumes. His thoughts and material are not such as could stand much repetition.

Perhaps the most famous of all his writings is the story, 'Rab and His Friends', which appears in the second volume of *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Rab is a dog. This story has been described as 'a flawless example of pathos in brief compass'. Rab is not the only dog created by Dr. Brown. He was a keen lover of dogs and knew their ways, and has given us many fine sketches. Dogs, children, old-world people, dead friends, and landscapes of the Lowlands of Scotland, are the themes on which Dr. Brown wrote best. Here his humour and pathos were at their best. Another extremely beautiful piece of writing is his essay on 'Marjorie'—a youthful prodigy and pet of Sir Walter Scott, who died at the age of eight.

Dr. Brown did not write of anything he did not know or care for; all his writing is therefore marked by lucidity and sincerity. There is no attempt at adornment or the grand manner in his style.

p. 155. Dr. Temple (1821–1902): from 1896 Archbishop of Canterbury.

p. 156. *Ab extra*: from outside.

p. 157. Buckle, Henry Thomas (1821–1862): historian, wrote *History of Civilization in England*.

p. 158. Sydney Smith (1771–1845): one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, philosopher and wit, noted for his exuberant drollery.

pantologic: having universal knowledge.

Organon: the name of Aristotle's 'logical' writings; a treatise on logic; here, a treatise.

p. 159. Ornithology: study of birds.

Dr. Adams, a Scottish scholar; Banchory: a small town in Scotland, near Aberdeen.

Dee: a river; and the Grampians: a range of mountains, in Scotland.

Cashmere: Kashmir, in India.

p. 160 Maunder (1785?-1849): a compiler of various 'Treasures'.

Lardner, Dionysius (1793-1859): a Scotchman by birth, professor of natural philosophy and astronomy in London for some time, a popularizer of physical science.

Paulus Agineta: a celebrated Greek physician, flourished probably in the seventh century; wrote *A Symposium of the Medical Art*.

Hippocrates (460-357 B.C.): the most celebrated physician of antiquity—a Greek.

Perthshire Highlands: in Scotland.

Gaelic: language of the Scottish (also Irish) Celts.

Cockney: common Londoner.

p. 161. Sir Charles Trevelyan (1807-1886): Governor of Madras (1859-60), author of many books on educational and philanthropic subjects.

Ferrier, James Frederick (1808-1864): philosopher, professor of history and moral philosophy; author of philosophical treatises.

p. 162. Twigg'd: (colloquial) understood.

nous (Gk.): intellect.

Cemetery: probably seminary was meant.

p. 163. Neo-Platonic: Neo-Platonism was a religious and philosophical system, combining the ideas of Plato with Eastern mysticism; it originated in Alexandria in the third century. Plato represented most men as living prisoners, in a 'cavern', chained with their backs to a fire, and mistaking the shadows on the rock in front of them for realities; education began when some of these prisoners turned round, or climbed to the mouth of the cave, and gradually accustomed themselves to the sight of the things of the real world, and finally of the sun itself.

p. 164. Queensland: in Australia.

'Stone for bread,' etc.: see Matthew, vii, 9-10.

V. THE SCIENTIFIC IDEAL

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., was born at Glasgow in 1852. After a scientific education he became a teacher of science. He was professor of chemistry, and later principal at University College, Bristol, and from 1887 to 1912 at University College, London. He made very important researches, and was the discoverer of many gases like argon (with Lord Rayleigh), helium, neon, krypton, and xenon. He wrote books on the gases of the atmosphere, on radium, and on chemistry generally. He died in 1916.

The passage here given is an address delivered by him.

- p. 167. *profanum vulgus*: 'The vulgar rabble'; the common people.
- p. 168. palæontology: study of extinct organisms.
- p. 169. Faraday, Michael (1791-1867): the great physicist, the founder of magneto-electricity.
- p. 170. Hofmann, August Wilhelm von (1818-1892): chemist who obtained aniline from coal products.
- Perkin: (later Sir W. H. Perkin) in 1856 prepared the first artificial coal-tar dye-stuff.
- Schönbein, Christian Friedrich (1799-1868): German chemist, discovered ozone (1839) and invented gun-cotton (1845).
- Joule, James Prescott (1818-1889): a celebrated physicist, made very important discoveries, and suggested improvements in the apparatus for measuring the electric current.
- Mayer, Julius Robert von (1814-1878): German physicist who worked out the mechanical theory of heat about the same time that Joule did.
- Philosophy: lit., 'love of wisdom'.
- p. 172. Teutonic: Germanic.
- Pot-hunting: Taking part in a contest merely for the sake of the prize.
- p. 176. *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*: It is only the first step that is difficult.
- p. 178. Göttingen: the seat of a well-known university in Germany.
- p. 181. Alumni: pl. of alumnus—pupil of school or university.

VI. REALITY

HILAIRE BELLOC, born in France (1870) of partly French parentage, was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, and Oxford. During his youth he served as a driver in the French Artillery at Toul. He has been a great traveller and a great reader. He began writing early, and has written a great number of books—historical, topographical, political, satirical. Among his books the following may be mentioned: *The Path to Rome*, being the description of a tramp from Toul, in the north of France, through Switzerland and Northern Italy, to Rome, with digressions on various subjects; *The Old Road*, *The Four Men* (topographical); *Hills and the Sea*, *On Nothing*, *On Everything*, *On Anything* (all books of essays); *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *Marie Antoinette*, *The French Revolution* (all historical); *The Girondin*, *The Green Overcoat*, *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*, *A Change in the Cabinet* (novels). He has also written some books of verses, and from 1915 onwards he wrote the history of the War.

He was a Member of Parliament from 1906 to 1910. In 1911-3 he lectured on English literature.

The range of Belloc's subjects is some indication of his versatility. Indeed, there are very few writers who can write on so many subjects and in so many moods. Belloc's versatility comes partly from his experiences of life and men as a traveller, and his acquaintance with the affairs of men and nations as a historian and politician.

Belloc has a passionate sincerity that enables him to write vividly and pointedly. He has also a humour of his own—not quite English,

but something peculiar and old-world. Like his contemporary G. K. Chesterton, Belloc is a Roman Catholic. Though not as paradoxical in his style as Chesterton, Belloc is capable of writing in a witty and satirical manner; but he can also introduce pathos and wistfulness into his style.

p. 182. 'The greatest of the French Revolutionists': Danton (1759-1794); he was only *one* of the greatest Revolutionists. He was guillotined in 1794. The passage quoted occurs in a speech made in 1793.

p. 183. These Islands: i.e. the British Islands.

Toledo: in Spain.

p. 184. East Anglian flood: East Anglia is the general name for the eastern counties of England. Being a low-lying and level country, floods occur there easily and often.

Algiers: a French colony in North Africa.

p. 185. Armadas: fleets of ships. The allusion here is to the Spanish Armada of 1588.

Cerdagne: part of the mountainous country in the south of France.

Tourcarol: a village in the south of France.

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी, पुस्तकालय
L.B.S. National Academy of Administration, Library

मसूरी

MUSSOORIE

यह पुस्तक निम्नांकित तारीख तक वापिस करनी है ।

This book is to be returned on the date last stamped

[illegible]

808
Ide

111741

अवाप्ति सं०
ACC. No. 18318

वर्ग स. पुस्तक स.
Class No. Book No.

लेखक

Author

शीर्षक
Title Ideals and realities.

808
Ide

18318

LIBRARY
LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI

National Academy of Administration
MUSSOORIE

Accession No. 111741

1. Books are issued for 15 days only but may have to be recalled earlier if urgently required.
2. An over-due charge of 25 Paise per day per volume will be charged.
3. Books may be renewed on request, at the discretion of the Librarian.
4. Periodicals, Maps and Reference books may not be issued and may be consulted only in the library.
5. Books lost, defaced or injured in any way shall have to be replaced or the cost thereof shall be paid by the borrower.